

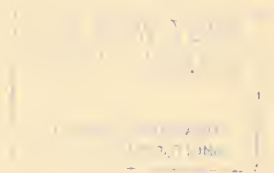
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Tembroke
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The Sachems' Point at Furnace Pond

7422
Ancient Landmarks
of Pembroke

By
Henry Wheatland Litchfield

Youth with thee my heart is fledde
Come back to the golden Hedde
Wilt not? yet this token keepe
Of hir who doeth thy going weepe
Gyf the world prone harsh and cold
Come back to the Hedde of Gold

PEMBROKE
GEORGE EDWARD LEWIS
1909

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TO MY FATHER
AND MOTHER
HER LOVE FOR PEMBROKE
PROMPTED THESE PAPERS
HIS HELP MADE POSSIBLE
THEIR EXECUTION

Ancient Landmarks of Pembroke

Not many among the outlying towns of Massachusetts possess histories more interesting or significant than that of the Town of Pembroke in the Old Colony. It is a history which, promising little at the outset, rewards study by disclosing persons and events of a character to win lasting admiration from the student, and lead him on engrossed from point to point until, if there is to be any end at all of his research, he must despair of attaining to a convenient stoppingplace, and breaking short off in the midst, leave half told their story—I at least have found them such. The series of papers printed in this book, at first including but nine *Landmarks*, has grown to include fifteen; each of these is longer than its predecessor in order of writing; and the ancient houses and sites of Pembroke whose annals remain unread by me, but well worth reading, are yet legion. The Taverns in High Street; the dwellings of Deacon Isaac Hatch, Judge Turner, Dr. Jeremiah Hall, and Capt. Alexander Parris; Wallis Orchard and Peter's Spring; Sabbaday Orchard; the Mills on Herring Brook, and the Furnace at Furnace Pond; Hobomoc, or Devil, Pond with its strange legend, Oldham or Monument Pond, and Indian Bridge close by; Ward or Hart Hill; Ludden's Ford; Queen's Brook; and many others in Hanson, dating from the days when all that region was western Pembroke: have in these papers been briefly mentioned, or not at all. Chief among my sins of omission, I know well, are the famous Magoun houses in northern and eastern Pembroke, of which the oldest, now known as the homestead of Luther Magoun, is said to have been erected in Schoosett—then Scituate Two-mile—by his ancestor John Magoun during the year 1666.

ANCIENT LANDMARKS

No further statement, of course, is needed to show that this book does not even pretend to be exhaustive. I wish I might hope that incompleteness were its greatest fault.

Visitors to the place have told me that in summer Pembroke is at her best. I should like to make an amendment to their saying, and read with them summer indeed, but Indian summer. Walking eastward from the Ponds toward Highgary in the late afternoon or early evening of an October day, past quiet farmhouses, through fields of yellow corn shot across by the level sunbeams, and dim woods rich with the perfume of wild grapes, you come suddenly out upon a hillcrest, marked by tufts of dry poverty grass and a score of rugged pinetrees, overlooking Namassakeesett, the Brook and the River, the meadows and forests and ancient clearings which line their courses, and shade off into a blue haze on the distant slopes. There is stillness unbroken—for the rustling grass and whispering pines do not break it; off at the left, a dash of gold and scarlet shows on the maples below Dancing Hill; presently, across the common, comes pealing down from the belfry the first stroke of six, calling the village to supper, and heralding approach of the evening. As you descend the hill, the dust of its ancient thoroughfare is sprinkled over with pale leaves from the balm-of-Gilead: the mellow air seems peopled by shades of Indian scout and runner, sachem and sagamore; rough English pioneers; clergymen and magistrates of the Puritans; colonial squire and Revolutionary captain; friends of later years, now missed these many Sunday mornings from the family pew in the Meeting House; and all the throng of those who in succession passed that way: and a twilight of the olden time steals upon you, in which centuries are blended together, and the yesterdays become todays. If any of that light shines through these pages; or if the record which they contain, enables any to make for himself an Indian summer of his own: my purpose in writing them will have been achieved.

Although it follows from my confession, that I have cared more for point of view than for objective facts, still a

OF PEMBROKE

considerable number of these was essential, as a framework on which to base the whole. I have tried to be exact in presenting them, and to attain accuracy in details. All dates are inclusive. All previous to 14 September 1752, are Old Style, unless otherwise stated: but even before that time, I have reckoned the year as beginning on January 1, rather than on March 25; retaining however double dates, when those appeared in the original. All ambiguous cases I have decided according to probability, and if necessary, translated. In determining sites, my description even now gives little help, and will after a time become quite useless: the defect is supplied in a map of Mattakeesett; on which—so far as its scope allowed—have been represented roughly, with some slight deviations from his plan, the results of Mr. Tillson's surveys of Marshfield Upper Lands, the Thousand Acres, the Massachusetts Path, and Duxbury Commons.

Necessary for a good understanding of the map, and important in itself as matter of general interest, is a knowledge of the changes in jurisdiction through which has passed the territory included within the Town of Pembroke during the period of its widest extent, the years 1754-1820. This territory lay entirely within the jurisdiction of the Colony Court of Plymouth Colony, from the establishment of that Court by the royal charter of 1629, until its absorption in the General Court of the Province of Massachusetts Bay. Duxbury was incorporated in 1637: in 1641 its northerly bound was fixed at the North River; and its westerly bound, at the Massachusetts Path. In 1658, the Court ordered "that such persons as live at Namassakeesett, on the lands as were granted to the townsmen of Duxburrow, shall appertain to the towne of Duxburrow." Namassakeesett—the country lying just west of the Path—was in 1661 made part of a grant to Duxbury and Marshfield in common. The Major's Purchase, comprising the central and southerly part of what is now Hanson, was negotiated in 1662 by Major Josiah Winslow. In his deed of this land, the chief Wampatuck expressly reserved for the Indians' use a tract of one thousand

ANCIENT LANDMARKS

acres bordering on Herring Ponds. Duxbury and Marshfield divided their holding in 1698, thus giving rise to Namassakesett proper—thenceforth a part of Duxbury—and the Marshfield Upper Lands. These were united with northern Duxbury and the Purchase, in the new town of Pembroke, incorporated 1712. A precinct including parts of Pembroke, Halifax, Bridgewater, Abington, and Hanover, and styled the West Precinct of Pembroke, was erected in 1746: in 1754 the entire area of this precinct was made part of Pembroke; and remained such until its incorporation, as the Town of Hanson, in 1820. Since that year, township boundaries in this neighborhood have not been materially changed.

The appearance of these papers in permanent form is due to the suggestion and encouragement of several persons, chiefly of Nathaniel Morton, Esquire, whose contribution of historical matter should also be acknowledged, and to the enterprise of their publisher. I take this opportunity to thank him sincerely for undertaking what is at best a doubtful venture; for sparing no pains to make the book perfect in text and illustration; and for receiving with uniform patience the many additions, changes, and corrections which have disfigured its first draft from time to time. Nearly all the landscapes are from photographs of his own taking; and he has made no account of expense or labor in reproducing several fine old likenesses, which, by the courtesy of their possessors, we were permitted to use.

Between September of 1906 and September of 1908, many discoveries have widened our knowledge of Pembroke history. These have induced me to write for the book several new chapters, and have made necessary a thorough revision of all. I wish each succeeding year may expose as many of their shortcomings as the last has exposed.

Material for the articles has been taken, in most cases without express acknowledgement, from Dr. Francis Collamore's *History of Pembroke*; Dr. Barker Newhall's *Barker Family*; Miss Hannah Barker's manuscript; Rev. T. P. Doggett's *Allen Memorial*; Barry's *History of Hanover*; the

OF PEMBROKE

series of articles entitled *Sketches of the History of Pembroke*, prepared by Rev. Morrill Allen from material collected by Dr. Anthony Collamore; Farnham's *Whitman Family*; the *History of the Dudley Family*; Dr. Collamore's article on the Quaker Meeting House; Aaron Hobart's *History of Abington*; Rev. Morrill Allen's last sermon; and Miss Susan A. Smith's *Smith Memorial*: they are, however, based principally on town and parish records, on wills and deeds preserved at Plymouth, on private records and tradition. For the last, I am indebted to the kindness of many persons. During the summer of 1906 I had occasion, while in search of facts contributory to these *Landmarks*, to visit nearly every house then standing within the limits of ancient Pembroke: I think it strong testimony to the pride of Pembroke and Hanson people in the history of their town, as well as to their gentleness of character, that by everyone—a single person excepted—my inquiries were received with courtesy, and in most cases with interest. I wish to thank sincerely each of my friends who have helped and encouraged me in this work. Especial acknowledgement is due of the assistance which I had from Miss Elizabeth H. Beals of Pembroke in the reading of proofs—a labor rendered the more tedious and exacting by a multitude of corrections disfiguring the manuscript—throughout all of which unfailing patience, and quick accuracy and good judgment, made her help of the greatest value. For generously opening to me their libraries and manuscript files, and—not least—their memories, my thanks are due especially to Dr. Francis Collamore, Pembroke's first methodical historian; to Mr. Mercer V. Tillson of Hanson, authority on the ancient divisions of her territory; to Mrs. Sarah E. Bosworth, whose collections—the work of a lifetime—are a herald's office for this and neighboring towns; and to Miss Susan A. Smith, formerly of North Pembroke, now preparing in Kingston the long expected *History of Pembroke*. I should make a further and particular acknowledgement of Miss Smith's contributions to the tenth *Landmark*. She supplied me with the facts concerning Esquire Keen's

ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF PEMBROKE

ancestry, marriage, and descendants; with the record of several transfers of his estate; and with the memorable Petition, which through her kindness I have been enabled to present in full. Thus it will be seen clearly that the portion of this paper which treats of Josiah Keen and his family, is hers in fact, mine only in name. To the same account should be accredited a paragraph tracing the Massachusetts' royal family, which I ventured to insert as a foretaste of the richer treatment already undertaken by Miss Smith. My acknowledgement would be but a grudging admission, did I fail to mention also, generally speaking, the chief inspiration to students of Pembroke history of which her work upon, and interest in, that subject have been the source.

Landmarks

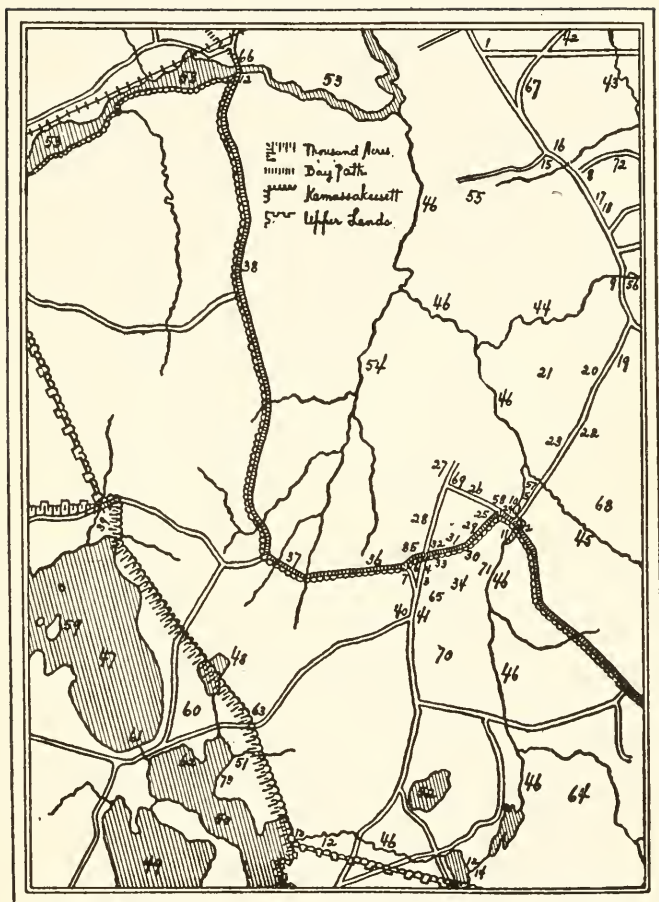
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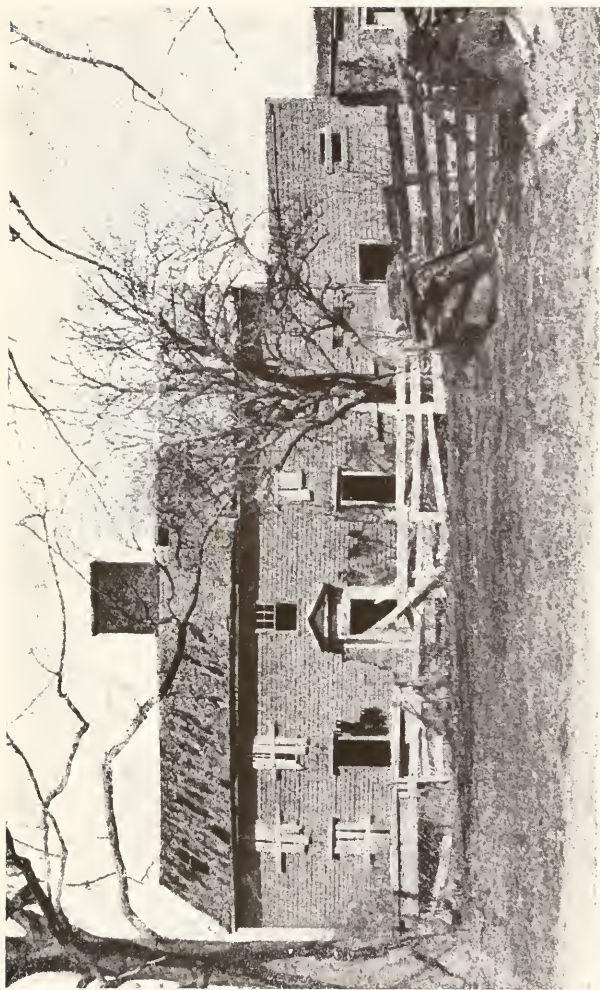


Mattakeesett

Scale: 4200 feet to one inch

Key to the Map

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Friends' Meeting House | 37. James Bonney |
| 2. Old Garrison | 38. General Oldham |
| 3. Town Hall | 39. Isaac Oldham |
| 4. Old Stone Pound | 40. Thomas Burton |
| 5. Herring Weir | 41. Ambrose Parris |
| 6. First Church | 42. Luther Briggs |
| 7. Burying Ground | 43. Robinson's Creek |
| 8. Barker Burying Ground | 44. Pudding Brook |
| 9. Shepherd's Sawmill | 45. Little Pudding Brook |
| 10. LeFurgey's Sawmill | 46. Herring Brook |
| Barker Gristmill | 47. Oldham Pond |
| 11. Fulling Mill | 48. No Bottom Pond |
| 12. Old Sawmill | 49. Great Sandy Pond |
| 13. The Furnace | 50. Furnace Pond |
| 14. Old Gristmill | 51. Queen's Brook |
| 15. Anthony Collamore | 52. Hobomoc Pond |
| 16. Alexander Parris | 53. Indian Head River |
| 17. Jeremiah Hall | 54. Swamp Brook |
| 18. Jabez Morse | 55. The Neck |
| 19. Isaac Hatch | 56. Beaver Dam |
| 20. Josiah Keen | 57. Lovers' Retreat |
| 21. Benjamin Barker | 58. Dancing Hill |
| 22. Samuel Webb | 59. Monument Island |
| 23. Seth Whitman | 60. The Indian Fields |
| 24. Peter Salmond | 61. Indian Bridge |
| 25. Morrill Allen | 62. Sachems' Point |
| 26. Samuel Jacob | 63. Ward Hill |
| 27. Isaac Little | 64. The Ridgepole |
| 28. Henry Baker | 65. Highgary |
| 29. Josiah Howland | 66. Ludden's Ford |
| 30. Kilborn Whitman | 67. Brick Kiln Lane |
| 31. Thomas Smith | 68. Wallis Orchard |
| 32. Hannah Dunster | 69. Cushing's Orchard |
| 33. Charles Jones | 70. Sabbaday Orchard |
| 34. Gideon Thomas White | 71. The Tanpits |
| 35. Daniel Lewis | 72. Lovers' Walk |
| 36. Asaph Tracy | 73. The Graves of the Kings |



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The Old Garrison

ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF PEMBROKE

I. The Old Garrison.

Ruris primordia nostri.



THE old garrison, homestead of the Barker family in Pembroke, was probably the first site to be occupied by an English colonist within the limits of what is now Pembroke and Hanson. Tradition has placed the date of its building as early as 1628, but research seems to indicate that 1650 is much nearer the true figure. Thus the long prevailing statement that Pembroke once possessed the oldest house then standing in Massachusetts, is shown to be without foundation. The antiquity and interest that centre in the venerable site, suffer little from a loss of twenty years.

Robert Barker, founder of the Barker family in America, first appears—in the year 1632—as a servant or apprentice of John Thorpe. Having attained his majority, he settled first in Marshfield; where he held certain town offices, and bought house and land in 1648. According to tradition, he soon after went exploring the inland country, ascended North River in an Indian canoe with a single white companion, Dolor Davis, and a negro, and instead of following the direct course of the stream, turned southward into one of the numerous herring brooks which form its chief branches. Fortune favored them; the stream, much larger before mill dams had obstructed its current, was ample for their light vessel, and brought them safely through the range of hills which, stretching northward from Highgary, or Pembroke Centre, shuts in North River on the east. They ascended to the point where the sawmill of Mr. Lemuel LeFurgey now stands,

ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF PEMBROKE

and proceeded to build a dwelling on a knoll just east of the stream. Their first winter was spent, it is said, in a dug-out. With the opening of spring were laid the foundations of the house torn down some fifteen years ago.

Of this, the earliest structure is reputed to have been a single room built of flat stones from the neighboring brook and fields, laid in clay, and covered with a shed roof. It was about twenty feet square and only six feet high, with a huge fireplace that took fully a third of the side wall. To this rude pioneer's dwelling Robert Barker brought home his young wife, Lucy Williams; and here their children—Robert, Francis, Isaac, Abigail, and Rebecca—were born. In 1651, Myles Standish sold a lot of thirty-five acres at Namassakeesett to Robert Barker; and a year or two later, the Town of Duxbury assigned him lands. A farm was cleared, and on its produce, eked out with fish from the herring brook near by, the family lived and thrived. At first there were no near neighbors; but in course of time, settlers came in from the coastlands of Duxbury, Marshfield, and Scituate, and formed a community centring at the Barker homestead. The house became a sort of tavern, or halfway house, much frequented by travellers between Plymouth and Boston. Here Judge Samuel Sewall—as his diary tells us—stopped for refreshment on his way to hold court at Plymouth; and in 1681, Robert Barker's wife was fined for selling cider to the Indians.

Scarcely was the village of Namassakeesett well started in its growth, when the disastrous King Philip's War broke out, in the fall of 1675, and the colonists—grown careless from long peace—were driven to look for some place better fitted than their own frail dwellings to stand the brunt of a possible Indian attack. The Barker homestead was central and strongly constructed; it stood on a knoll commanding the country for some distance around, and was out of bowshot from the high range of hills on the west; moreover, it had an inexhaustible supply of running water. This, then, was chosen as a garrison house, and put in such state of defence

THE OLD GARRISON

as scanty means allowed. But the Indians who dwelt about the numerous ponds to the southwest, proved to be of peaceful temper; and no hostile band came from a distance to lay waste the little plantation, as befell those of Scituate and Bridgewater on either side. The colonists ill requited the mildness of the Herring Pond Indians; wittingly or unwittingly, they sold them garments tainted with the deadly smallpox, and fully half the tribe perished by the disease. The broken remainder crossed over the pond and swamp district to the region long known as Tunk—which name, according to legend, means *land beyond*—and pitched their wigwams once more in the hill country of what is now Hanson.

The settlement at Namassakeesett spread gradually over the territory thus abandoned by the natives, and entered on new and profitable industries. In 1702 several of the Barkers contracted with one Lambert Despard to set up a furnace on the east shore of Herring now Furnace Pond, where for some years thenceforth was carried on the smelting of the iron ore abundant in its neighborhood. On the steep banks of a small stream flowing from this pond, may still be seen traces of the ancient furnace structure, and a considerable space of ground thickly strown with slag and broken ore.

Meanwhile, the inmates of the garrison returned to a peace footing; but the defensive structures were allowed to stand. A part of the barricade of hewn timber remained as late as 1777, and the loop-holes were visible when the house was destroyed. There can still be seen, leading from the west cellar toward the brook, an underground passage—now half choked with rubbish from the ruins—through which the garrison might smuggle water in case of siege. It must originally have been several feet square, and was carefully constructed with smooth flat stones; a few years ago it could be entered to a distance of more than twenty feet, and at this point turned sharply to the left; it is now sunken, the lower portions have fallen in, and the entrance itself is no longer passable.

ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF PEMBROKE

Not many years after the close of this war, the Barkers built a sawmill on the stream near the house, where the mill of Mr. Lemuel LeFurgey now stands; here also they had a grist mill, which ground grain for the neighboring farmers. These industries descended to Robert, Francis, and Isaac, sons of the first Robert, all of them active and capable men; who continued and enlarged the business. Robert, the founder of the family, died in 1691 at an advanced age, patriarch of the fast growing village of Namassakeesett.

Isaac Barker, his youngest son, succeeded to the homestead, and an attendant estate of more than one hundred acres. His wife was Judith, daughter of Governor Thomas Prentice of Plymouth; tradition states that she and her seven sisters were belles of the colony. Of her children,—to quote the manuscript of Hannah Barker, dating from 1830—"Rebecca married a Keen; Judith and Bathsheba married Howlands, and were mothers to the ancient Poets; and Mary, the youngest child, was the great traditionary historian, and progenitor of the Smiths. She was born in 1678, and when quite young, was set to guard the sheep that grazed on the lot below. Her favorite seat was a young elm; its branches were flexible, and served as a tilt: it was a native of the forest, and grew to a gigantic size. The spot where the sheep grazed, was the first cleared land in town; it is now a rich English meadow in its native state, and the plow has never upturned its green sward. After the sportiveness of youth was passed, Mary did as most others do, and changed her name to Crosby; the husband died, and she married a Miller; after burying him, she lived a widow—for reasons unknown—42 years and 2 months, and died in 1772, aged 94 years." When the children of Isaac and Judith Barker were still young, King William's War, first of the great French and Indian series, broke out; and their youth was passed among the alarms, if not among the actual horrors, of war. The hostile forces did not, however, penetrate to the seaboard villages, and this particular settlement received no damage.

Namassakeesett was fast outgrowing its status as a



The Barker House from the Fields

THE OLD GARRISON

dependent village; men of enterprise and education were coming in—not to speak of the increasing families of the first settlers. It must be remembered that the Barkers and their neighbors, living as they did in a remote region of the town of Duxbury, were put to great inconvenience. Frequent journeys to the seat of government were necessary; these must be taken afoot or on horseback over rough bridle-paths, through woods as yet teeming with dangerous animals. Church and state were one: and every Sunday the family must travel these fifteen or twenty weary miles to and from meeting, or suffer themselves to become outcasts from society. Early in 1711, the inhabitants of what is now Pembroke and Hanson began to agitate incorporation. Their desire was strongly opposed by the citizens of Duxbury proper, who finally yielded when certain rich farms in the present village of West Duxbury were conceded to them. A petition was presented to the General Court at Boston—for in 1692 the seat of government had passed thither from Plymouth—asking the incorporation of certain districts in Plymouth Colony as a new town, to be called Brookfield. These districts were: a tract known as The Major's Purchase, bought from the Indians by Major Winslow of Marshfield, now in Hanson; a tract known as Marshfield Upper Lands, now western and southern Pembroke, then a part of the common lands of Marshfield; and the northern part of Duxbury proper, in what is now Pembroke, consisting of lands held partly on particular grants and partly in common. The Indian name for so much of these tracts as lies along the course of the Herring Brook, and about the Ponds, was Namassakeesett, or Place of Much Fish; the region now Hanson was called Tunk; and the general term for Pembroke proper was Mattakeesett, or Worn-out Planting Lands—applied in reminiscence of a cultivation rather long-standing than vigorous. Whoever has traversed the arid highlands of western and southern Pembroke, cannot fail to acknowledge the justice of this name. On the twenty-first of March in the year 1712, an act passed the General Court granting the petition, and erecting

ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF PEMBROKE

within the limits of the Old Colony a town called Pembroke, which should comprise—together with interjacent tracts—the regions of The Major's Purchase and upper Duxbury. The first clerk and the chairman of the first board of selectmen for the new town, was a Barker, and four of that name appear upon the roll of original grantees.

Some years before the incorporation of Pembroke, Isaac Barker, Junior, grandson of the first Robert, succeeded to his father's homestead: Samuel, the eldest son, contracted a marriage which displeased his family; and disowned by them, he removed from Pembroke altogether, and settled in Sandwich. Isaac was a cordwainer, or shoemaker, and merchant; his farm supplied cheese, meat, and corn to the neighbors; and he had the family gristmill on the brook. The new town early granted him privilege to build a fulling mill on the upper course of the Herring Brook; its foundations and dam are still visible, just above the bridge where High Street crosses the stream.

In 1722 the house itself was much enlarged: the walls of the original single room were covered with sheathing, and other rooms so added as to form a large mansion.

Isaac Barker's extensive holdings in real estate brought him into many lawsuits, in which Isaac Little, Esquire, who then carried on the smelting and founding of iron at the pond, was his adversary. Like other gentlemen of the day, he held several slaves, chiefly Indians; as appears from the following document:—

“These are to any Tavern Keeper where this indian may come to desire you to let him have what is covenant for him, for he is in pursuit of an indian boy of myn and if I should give him money he would disguis himself and you may see what is covenant for him. My lad is about 17 years of age, his cloaths are, leather briches, a plain jacket with a short white woolling one under it, old shoes mended on the upper leather, an old beaver hat, short hare, gray yearn stokins, new stockt. Whosoever shall tak up sd runaway and him convey

THE OLD GARRISON

to me ye subscriber, or to this indian, shall have a sufficient reward.

ISAAC BARKER

Pembroke 3rd of ye mo.

called October, 1730.

Let the bearer keep this for his journey"

Notwithstanding lawsuits and slaves, Isaac Barker was of the Society of Friends, and a lover of books. A room in his house was set apart as his study, and there much of his time was spent. About 1740 he went to hear Whitefield at Plymouth; his mind was unbalanced by the eloquence of the famous Methodist, so that he became violently insane, and was chained by his waist to a sill in the Brook room of the homestead. The iron ring remained in the sill until the house was destroyed. Isaac was, at the time of his pilgrimage, nearly eighty; he continued in his insanity until his death, which occurred in 1754, at the advanced age of ninety-four years.

For a long period after the incorporation of Pembroke, the Barker homestead was a social centre. Isaac Barker's four daughters were "belles of the times"—to quote Hannah Barker—"and considered rich; consequently"—she goes on to say—"the Garrison was a place of general resort; many protestations of love were made, but the young ladies were wary—finally the oldest daughter, Mary, married a Bennet, and became a little insane. Sylvester, the second daughter, born in 1710, after a siege of six years surrendered to a Josselyn. He declared he loved the very ground she stood upon: which proved literally true; for she had no peace after her marriage, because she would not put him in possession of her land. No one entered a Meeting House with more grace and dignity than she; 'Walk like thy Aunt Josselyn' was a command that rung in infant ears."

Prince Barker, the second son of Isaac, became the fourth holder of the homestead about 1740. He was—continues the family historian—a kind-hearted, honest man, by every one loved; his hospitality extended to all who would receive it,

ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF PEMBROKE

and if others were happy, he was satisfied: as the house was a place of general rendezvous in his father's time, so it continued to be in his. The crib and meat barrels were always well filled; and when the season came round, they needed no preparation for another supply. It is recorded of him on the town books that he had found a pair of men's leather shoes; this entry testifies, as well as his honesty, the custom of the times. His daughter Deborah was early left a widow, and came home with two children. His son Prince married a widow Bryant. He ploughed the ocean for a living, and died beneath its waves. His four destitute children returned to the hospitable roof of their ancestors.

Isaac Barker—the second son of Prince, Senior—was a clothier, and at the head of his father's household; his father was dead, and the estate rendered insolvent; and he had a numerous family of young children and dependent friends around him. "The day came when the seat of his ancestors was to be sold at public auction, and all save the widow's dower was to pass into strangers' hands. None had the means to save it. At this critical and trying time, Joseph Rogers—a firm friend—came and said: 'Isaac, it will not do for the farm to go out of the family; what will become of them? They must be kept together; thou must buy it, and I will bid it off for thee.' The farm was sold, and his brother Benjamin bought it; it was then conveyed to Isaac, who paid for it when he could."

The family of four grown people and six children were dependent on Isaac's exertions for some years, but were thereafter scattered. Isaac had four children to fill their place. Soon after the birth of these, the fulling mill burned. He had just erected a belt-hammer; and nine months later, this was consumed by fire. Such an accumulation of losses induced his creditors to make their demands: not having the ready money to satisfy them, he hired several hundred dollars, and said to all "Come." The revenue from the farm would have been enough to offset this debt, under some persons' management: but it had always been the Barker habit to



Peleg Barker
1793 - 1882

THE OLD GARRISON

empty storehouses; Isaac was now too far advanced in life to learn the secret of coining produce, and he became more and more embarrassed. Old age and infirmities crept on, the farm was neglected, the debt increased despite payment of much interest. By the exertions of his children, this debt was finally cancelled. Isaac lived to see seventy-five years and was gathered to his fathers.

"Necessity, not choice, had placed him in the centre of his family, around which almost every branch was assembled. His circle of friends was extensive, and no man ever gave them a more hearty welcome. All good feelings were reciprocated, and visits returned. Though an unlettered man, he was an interesting companion. His ready tongue could utter most severe and cutting things: but with the sound, the feeling died; and before an hour passed, he would disoblige himself to accommodate those he had offended. He felt the want of a literary education, and was among the first to promote it for others. He had his faults, as all men have: but they grew out of circumstances, rather than badness of heart; and he was rather to be pitied for allowing a vice that comes not in the form of vice, to gain ascendancy: and although, at times, his family were wretched, they found enough in his character to love and respect."

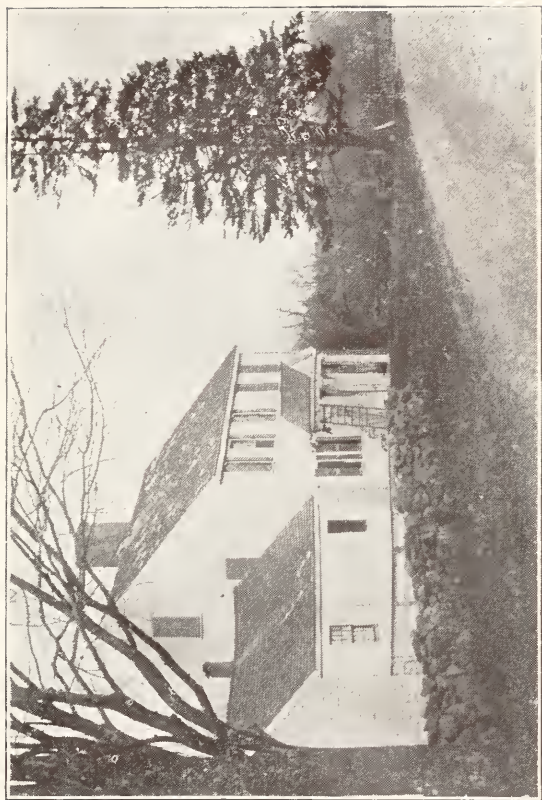
Peleg Barker, youngest son of Isaac, succeeded to the homestead upon his father's death in 1825, and later married Abigail, daughter of Samuel Loring of Duxbury. He was the sixth and last owner in the direct male line. The old farm was by him carefully cultivated: the neighboring waters of Herring Brook were pasture for his geese; and his errant flock of sheep, the last of all that had been raised upon the ancient fields, is still matter of memory to Pembroke people. He loved a fine horse; and was fond of company and social gatherings, to the day of his death. He died in April of 1883: his wife did not survive him.

After its occupancy by Peleg Barker, the homestead passed out of the name. It descended to Hannah, daughter of his brother Isaac, and wife of William Josselyn of Pembroke; after her death in 1885, her husband became joint owner.

ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF PEMBROKE

The house was long untenanted: the decay of two centuries rapidly increased, and no effort at repair was made. Soon the old mansion became a hopeless ruin. Shingles fell; windows were broken in; sills rotted, and floors grew rickety. The ancient furniture and heirlooms—such as a fine silver tankard, a pastel of Prince Barker, a huge tortoise-shell cradle, and the old iron fireback cast in 1722—had been scattered, or sold outright; and curious persons were busy for years in tearing away nails, shingles, bricks, and other mementos of “the oldest house in Massachusetts.” Finally, about fifteen years ago, the Garrison was torn down by Mr. Josselyn. Only the ruins of the chimney and a few foundation stones remain.

Shortly before this time, the last member of the Barker households in Pembroke bearing the name, had died: and now, of the fine old family that settled this region and was so prominent in all its early history, not one is left in Pembroke to hand down the Barker name. Heirs of the blood are numerous, and the homestead has recently come into possession of one of these. Some ten years ago, it was purchased by Joseph Shepherd, Esquire, of Pembroke Centre, the eighth generation from Robert Barker; whose descendants thus, after a lapse of more than two centuries, still cultivate the estate granted to their ancestor.



The Salmond House

II. The Salmond House.

*Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
The master of the district school
Could doff at ease his scholar's gown
To peddle wares from town to town.*



NOT far from the site of the Garrison stands a large, white double house, on the west of LeFurgey's mill pond, known as the Peter Salmond Place. The house itself is of uncertain age, dating from far back in the eighteenth century: it is said to have been originally a "half house," so called; the more ancient portion is probably, at the least, two centuries old. The land was once, of course, a part of the Barkers' grant; they early sold out to later comers, and the homestead of four acres only—this house was never head of a large estate—had, before the incorporation of Pembroke, already passed through several hands.

In 1720 it was owned and occupied by Deacon Jacob Mitchell, a blacksmith, who sold it in 1723 for £330 to Samuel Jacob, Millwright. Apparently, Jacob did not long remain owner of the property; for in 1726 his homestead of four acres was transferred, for £500, by John Burr of Hingham, a cooper, to Nehemiah Cushing of Pembroke, Gentleman. Captain Cushing, a famous buyer and seller of real estate, in 1727 conveyed it for £370 to Nathaniel How, the miller. Samuel Jacob seems to have occupied the house till 1731; when How sold his residence, the present Allen Farm, and

ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF PEMBROKE

moved into the Salmond place. How remained in Pembroke until 1743: he then sold this house, together with his share in the corn mill and flowage, for £700 to Asaph Tracy of Marshfield, Yeoman. Tracy soon disposed of the place, and in 1750 bought Allen Farm; the purchaser of the Salmond house was again Samuel Jacob, now grown prosperous, and living—it is said—in a large mansion on the hill, now fallen into ruins, situated below the present parsonage. Probably the Salmond place was rented to transients employed on the Barker estate.

Lieutenant Samuel Jacob, who now owned this house for some years, was a man of considerable prominence in town affairs. His grandfather was Captain John, son of Nicholas Jacob, the ancestor, all of Hingham: his father, Samuel, died very early, and his mother, Elizabeth, was made guardian. Born in 1695, he settled in Pembroke on the Salmond place, and there pursued his trade of a millwright. He must have been a skilled craftsman and a shrewd business man; for in 1760 he had acquired sufficient property to confer upon him the title of "gentleman," and was master of several estates. He was constable in 1726, and selectman for ten years, between 1730 and 1750; and is styled a lieutenant on the town books. His son Samuel died in youth; Seth married in 1751 Penelope, daughter of Thomas Burton, and left a family. Deacon Samuel Jacob—as reads the inscription on his gravestone in the old burying ground at Pembroke Centre—died in 1784, aged eighty-nine years.

Some time before, in the year 1773, he had passed the Salmond place to his unmarried daughter Susanna; who lived there a while, and in 1784—six months after her father's death—sold out to Benjamin Barker for £116. Her death occurred in 1794, and the following reflection appears upon her gravestone:

"In memory of Miss Susanna Jacob She
Died Janry ye 1st 1794 In her 62d Year.
Tho Unespoused in Earth we ly
yet if espoused to Christ we Die

THE SALMOND HOUSE

no Mortal Joys could ere Compare
the Finished Joys that Centers there
In Glory Christ unites the Just
tho Distant Grave Divide the dust"

Benjamin Barker was son of Prince, and brother of Isaac, all of the Garrison. "He was the youngest child," says Hannah Barker, "a very feeble one, and, consequently, much indulged. The spirits and buoyancy of youth were suppressed by a nervous affection that blasted every hope of happiness, and paralyzed every energy. Society had no charms for him, even the playground was avoided, and he chose rather to brood over his dreadful melancholy feeling than to join in any sports or labor that kind solicitation of friends could suggest; but as he approached towards manhood, he outgrew, as it were, the dismal forebodings that preyed upon his mind, and took a share in the employment of the fulling mill in 1779.

"Work gave him confidence in himself, and at the age of thirty, he resolved to marry: accordingly, he made choice of a worthy woman. Nancy Barker, and removed her from Tiverton to neighbor Salmon's house; the mulberry tree was planted by her, but she lived not to eat of its fruit. She left two children; and in proper time, her husband married Rebecca Partridge, a lady of handsome fortune. In expression of her love and confidence, she gave him control of all her property. The powers of his mind were now exerted to accumulate wealth; he made nice calculations, and was judicious in the choice of land." In this pursuit of riches, Benjamin Barker was led to purchase the Barker homestead at Scituate; and in 1792 he removed thither, selling his residence in Pembroke to Peter Salmond, a trader.

The new owner was a native of Scotland. He and his younger brother, Robert, were born in a small town lying between Edinburgh and Glasgow, within eight miles—says tradition—from the tree in which William Wallace hid, as is related in the "Scottish Chiefs." Previous to the opening of the Revolution, they came to Massachusetts as traders, or

ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF PEMBROKE

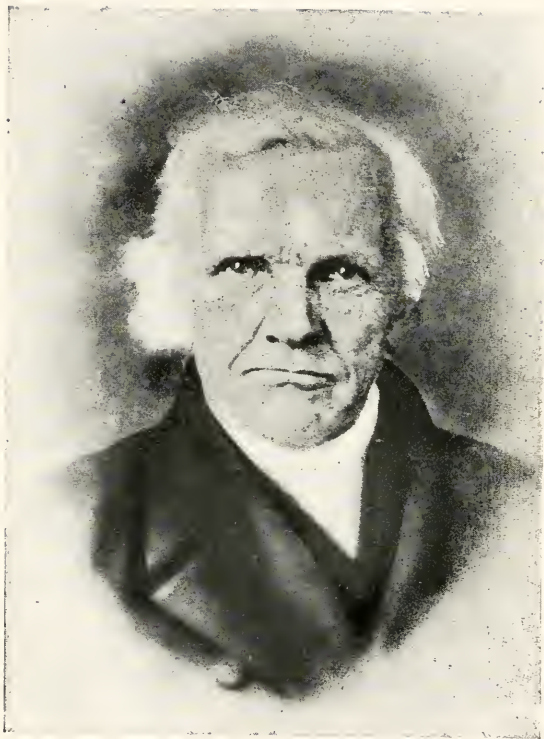
pedlars, dealing in rich foreign goods, and stayed in Bridgewater one year. Starting thence to return to Scotland by way of Halifax in Nova Scotia, they were impressed into the British army under Burgoyne: when that general was defeated at Saratoga, they left the ranks, and returned to their countryman, Mr. Russell of Bridgewater. Soon they entered the employ of Hon. Hugh Orr, also a native of Scotland; and with him they remained four years, receiving but \$8 monthly in addition to their board. Thence both came to Hanover, and engaged in trade once more. After two years' residence at Hanover, Peter removed in 1792 to Pembroke. He had married in 1785 Eunice, daughter of Captain Jonathan Bass of East Bridgewater, and widow of Seth Whitman; their children were William, Eunice, and Peter: the last succeeded to the estate. Eunice wedded Captain Josiah Howland, and dwelt in the "Hiclyn House," southwest of Allen Farm. William Salmond removed to Bath in Maine. Peter Salmond died in 1828, aged eighty-three; and his widow, four years after.

Peter Salmond, Esquire, born in 1790, received a good education, and was for many years the dominie, or schoolmaster, at Pembroke. Later, he kept a general store in the north wing of his dwelling. His wife was Abigail, daughter of Deacon Isaac Hatch of the First Church; he had one daughter, who did not survive him. Despite many eccentric ways, he was highly respected and loved in the community. Deacon Salmond had on most matters an opinion worth referring to. He was selectman for ten years, between 1830 and 1850; treasurer, 1833-1839; and representative at the General Court in 1858. Though not himself a singer, he took great interest in the doings of the choir; and when a quarrel among its members seemed impending, would whisper anxiously to his neighbors, "Keep still, keep still, everybody; Singing-devil's round!" It was his habit to sit in church with one eye cocked up at the choir, and whenever a false note jarred his nerves, to greet it with a snort of disgust. He remained keen and active to the last; and even after carriages

THE SALMOND HOUSE

became common, could often be seen riding down street on a spirited horse, which he would keep in a constant worry with whip and rein. He died in January of 1880, the last of his family, and the homestead passed into other hands.

Owned successively by the brothers Seth and Thomas Whitman, and by Mr. and Mrs. John Gillett, now of North Pembroke, it was purchased a few years ago by Mr. Edwin Lewis of Taunton, and became part of the estate known as Allen Farm.



The Reverend Morrill Allen
1776-1870

III. Allen Farm.

*A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year:
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.*

* * * * *

*At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.*

* * * * *

*The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm—
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.*



THE old mansion which stands at the corner of Allen and Mattakeesett Streets, west of the Garrison, on the estate known as Allen Farm, did not see the beginning of the last century. It was built soon after the year 1800 by the Reverend Morrill Allen, fifth minister of Pembroke; and took the place of a still older house, situated on the other side of the lane. As was the case with the Salmond homestead, the earlier history of this site is extremely obscure.

ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF PEMBROKE

The older house was built on land which had originally been part of the Barkers' grant, and in 1730 we find it owned by their miller, one Nathaniel How. This man later occupied the Salmond place, and moved away from Pembroke before 1750, leaving scant traces of himself and his family behind: it is thought that he came hither from Dorchester, and was son of Israel and Tabitha How. In the spring of 1731, How sold his dwelling—with half a quarter of an acre of land—for £170 to Israel Turner, then styled a cordwainer, or shoemaker; he, in turn, retained possession for eleven years.

Israel Turner, Esquire, although a man of no great fortune, evidently possessed the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens; who sent him as their representative to General Court at Boston in seven successive years, 1749-1755, and in 1758. His life was cut short just in the beginning of "the times that tried men's souls;" and in the severe crisis which followed close upon his removal, Pembroke felt keenly the loss of one of her ablest and most experienced citizens. He died 24 September, 1760, in the fifty-third year of his age, and lies buried in the burying ground at Pembroke.

Some years before his death, the house had been sold to Joseph Foord, Junior, a glazier; who bought it in 1742 for £125. He was fourth in descent from William, the ancestor, of Marshfield: his father, Joseph Foord, was first deacon of Pembroke church, moderator at more than one town meeting, selectman in 1713, and many times after; and died patriarch of the town, in 1749, at the age of eighty-three. Most of the Fords who have lived in Pembroke, trace their descent from Deacon Joseph. Of his son, we know little; and suffice it to say that, having owned the place but eight years, he sold it in 1750 to its first permanent owners since the Barkers—Thomas Tracy and his son Asaph.

The Tracies were natives of Duxbury, but came to Pembroke from Marshfield; Asaph had owned for some years the Salmond place, which he now conveyed to Samuel Jacob. He died in 1755, and Asaph his son occupied the homestead until his death in 1799. Captain Asaph Tracy, son of Asaph

ALLEN FARM

and Mary Jacob, married in 1786 Lydia, daughter of Col. David Cushing of Hingham; lived on the old Seth Ford place, opposite Mr. Lucius White's, in Pembroke Centre; and died of consumption in 1789, leaving two children—Capt. Thomas, who died in the Mississippi River in 1811, and Lydia, who married Ephraim Bouve of Hingham. His widow married Deacon Gideon Thomas White, and lived in a house which stood, as late as 1900, in the valley behind the Town Hall. In 1796 the Tracy homestead was passed by Asaph to his son Jacob—a cordwainer, or shoemaker, by trade—husband of Hannah Ford. Jacob Tracy did not long remain owner. In the spring of 1802, he sold the homestead for \$1500 to Morrill Allen, and bought the latter's estate in Raynham.

The Reverend Morrill Allen was born at Dover in 1776, fifteenth child of Captain Hezekiah and Mary Allen. After preparing for college with a private tutor, he entered Brown University in the fall of 1795; and graduated with honor in 1798. During his years at college—says his biographer, Rev. T. P. Doggett—he was a diligent student, and his whole deportment was upright and pure. He did not possess much of that sober, plodding devotion to books which trims the midnight lamp and shuts the door against lighthearted and buoyant companionship; possessing rather a temperament that was humorous and social. He could enter heartily into every kind of innocent sport, and greatly enjoy a merry time. Full of life and high spirits, he could not bear that austere gravity which frowns upon all amusement; he cherished, at the same time, a profound respect for the religion which demands chiefly purity of intention and rectitude of life. While his own character grew into conformity with such a religion, he felt more and more deeply a desire to preach it to others; and that desire dictated the choice of his profession. In order to obtain the funds necessary for his education, he had engaged in teaching: his success had been so good that he was almost determined to continue in this work. Inclination, however, outweighed the prospect of greater earnings; and he began the study of theology with Dr. Fobes of

ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF PEMBROKE

Raynham, where he remained two years. He was ordained fifth minister of the church at Pembroke, 9 December, 1801, and in the following May married Hannah, daughter of Hon. Josiah Dean of Raynham. They at once began housekeeping in the old house on Allen Farm.

The minister's salary at that time was \$475. In order to eke out the scanty income, he engaged once more in teaching, and received numerous students into his family. The unbroken succession of indoor employments, proved too much for his health; and he turned to farming. In this occupation, his success was notable. His fame throughout the county was even greater as farmer than as minister; and after his resignation of the public office, he spent the remainder of a life longer than the average, in experimenting, and enlarging his own establishment. His correspondence with various agricultural magazines was large, and he was closely connected with the several farmers' associations of south-eastern Massachusetts.

Mr. Allen's ministry—which began in his early manhood, and continued to the age of sixty-five—was, of all his services to the community, the one most cherished in memory by his people. Tender and affecting were the recollections that thronged their minds at his burial. They remembered the clearness and brevity of his address, the sound judgment and common sense shown in his pulpit preparations. While many clergymen delivered discourses long, prosy, and full of reiterations; his were always brief, never tedious, and wholly practical. He sought to impress no more than a single point by a single sermon. Although possessed of a fine gift for memorizing, he cared so little for display of his powers that he almost never spoke without notes. It was at the funerals of his beloved parishioners that his power as a speaker best appeared. His effort to control his own emotions, was often apparent; and a few simple, heartfelt words from him were more consoling than others' studied oratory. In ordinary life, he was of a cheerful and even merry temper, and quick to joke and laugh with a neighbor. Many stories are told of his genial, homely wit, and his love of a humorous companion.



Allen Farm

ALLEN FARM

After Mr. Allen ended his labors as minister, he was twice elected a member of the Massachusetts Senate. During his ministry, he had purposely avoided politics, had never even attended a town meeting; and this election came as an unlooked-for honor. Among other questions agitated at this period, was that which relates to the right and duty of a government to provide for the support of religion by law. Mr. Allen believed in this duty. He feared that the repeal of a law requiring people to pay for preaching, would increase the discouragements of the ministry so much that young men of learning and ambition would turn from it. He thought that the minister's support, always precarious, would become still more so; and that the minister himself, depending for a living on the contributions of a few rich men, would be led to pass over vices which, under a different condition, would have met a needed rebuke. The voluntary system was adopted, however; and as Mr. Allen foresaw, the working of it has proved disastrous indeed, though not fatal, to the existence of religious societies.

Mr. Allen continued as minister during the space of forty years. In this period, he thrice represented the town at General Court, was long chairman of the school committee; and thereafter, was moderator at town meeting nearly every year from 1840 till 1860, and treasurer, 1849-1852. In a sermon preached to commemorate his birthday, he has left us the best extant account dealing with the early history of Pembroke church, and the lives of his predecessors. Long after he became a private parishioner, he continued at intervals to exercise the office of minister: he preached on several occasions when over ninety; and to the last, officiated frequently at marriages or funerals. Yet he never had a difficulty with any of the four ministers who in turn succeeded him; and his apostolic appearance in church seemed to make the place more holy, and inspired the minister with a feeling that he spoke in presence of a patriarch.

He died—mourned by a whole community, whose love and respect he held through life—17 August, 1870, at the great age of ninety-four years.

ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF PEMBROKE

Early in Mr. Allen's time of residence at Pembroke, he had erected a substantial house just across the road from his former dwelling; which stood as late as 1840. The new house, with the farm adjoining, remained in the Allen family for some years. It was the home of Hannah, daughter of Mr. Allen, and widow of Captain King, until her death in 1884. Long thereafter owned by her brother William Paley Allen, it was occupied, till the close of the last century, by Mr. Theophilus Appleford, now of Norwell; who cultivated extensively the fine old farm, enriched by the labors of Mr. Allen. Meantime, the place had come into the hands of Mr. Edwin Lewis of Taunton, a native of England. Mr. Lewis—himself an expert worthy to succeed the planter of Dancing Hill—was just on the point of removing to Pembroke, when his busy life was cut short by death. He had made Allen Farm the nucleus of a large estate, including the Salmond and Hiclyn houses, which was kept intact by his heirs.



The Third North River Bridge
1829 - 1904

IV. The Little Estate.

*Up and down the village streets
Strange are the forms my fancy meets.
The ancient worthies I see again:
I hear the tap of the elder's cane,
And his awful periwig I see,
And the silver buckles of shoe and knee.
Stately and slow, with thoughtful air,
His black cap hiding his whitened hair,
Walks the Judge of the great Assize,
Samuel Sewall, the good and wise.*



COUNTRY crossroads lies drowsing under the westerly sun; which, though already well past meridian, still draws its haze of steamy vapour from an adjacent clearing, and in the highways, glints brightly on grassblades just shooting from the rich mould between horsepath and ruts. The year is the twelfth of good Queen Anne, of grace 1713; the day, a Saturday in early springtime, or—more exactly—March the twenty-eighth, and rather warm for the season; the hour, three o'clock afternoon: the place, Hanover Four Corners, when Hanover is still western Scituate, and the road which, by its intersection with the famous Boston turnpike, produces the Corners, a simple country lane. The wayside elm is unplanted, and mine host has yet to hang from its branches his swinging sign: but the ancient place is already these sixty years a rendezvous for travellers; three of whom

ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF PEMBROKE

now issue from Barstow's Ordinary a few rods down northern Broadway, and mounting, take at leisure the easterly road.

The central rider is one to draw and hold the attention of even a chance observer. If justice there be any in an inference from the figure, this man has already well rounded out the span of middle age: dress and bearing alike proclaim that his sixty years have invested their owner with a corresponding weight of authority among his countrymen. He bestrides a mount which, like its master, betrays not so much the fleetness of the clipper as the slow and steady qualities of a transport or ship-of-the-line; and is withal so broad of beam that, as the undergrowth abruptly closes in, the second companion must needs fall a length behind, leaving his fellow to keep pace, and lend a respectful ear to the solemn garrulity of the distinguished personage. Mark him well, fellow wayfarer: watch with me a twelvemonth together, and you shall not behold, upon this highway of the councillors, deputies, justices, and governors of two colonies, his equal in dignity and consequence; for here is none other than Judge Samuel Sewall of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, with Corwin and Lynde his associates, now well advanced upon his annual journey to the April session of his court at Plymouth.

The Judge is out of earshot; and as we follow his leisurely progress toward North River Bridge, we can but guess that the theme of his discourse is a recollection of former journeys, taken over the Plymouth highway when the union of 1692 was yet fresh in men's memories, and the Court administered justice in William and Mary's name. Hear what he said of these on another occasion:—

"7 March 1698: 2nd day. Set out for Plimouth about ten of the Morning. Get to Barker's and lodge there. Majr. and Gen. set out about Noon and came to us at Barker's in the night." And of the return: "It rained, but got to Barker's that night. My horse floundered in a bank of snow and threw me off but had no hurt. Laus Deo. * * *

"26 March 1705. Set out from Weymouth for Barker's: a souldier from Deerfield accompanied us with his Fusee. At

THE LITTLE ESTATE

Barker's the Sheriff met us and Major Walley and Mr. Leverett came up. So went cheerfully along and got to Sheriff's house in good season, where we were entertained."

The bridge by which the Judge and his party crossed over North River, was the second to span that stream at the place. Passengers between Plymouth and Boston had early found tedious the long detour in which the Indian path from Patuxet—now Plymouth—to Neponset, known as the Bay Path, circled about its headwaters; and abandoning the old thoroughfare either at the Garrison or—more probably—at Brimstone Corner, had established a more direct route, passing the River by ford, or perhaps by ferry, at Stony Reach, and rejoining the Path somewhere within the limits of what is now Hanover. The point of crossing was well taken; Stony Reach is one of the few places at which North River, breaking through a range of lofty hills, contracts its elsewhere wide spreading valley, and admits approach through something less than a quarter mile of marshy swamp and meadow: these facts the Colony Court did not fail to recognize when, in October of 1656, it authorized William Barstow "to build a Bridge above the third herring brook at stoney reache, being the place where now passengers goe frequently over; the said Bridge to bee made sufficient for horse and foot." Here, the Court in 1682 ordered built a cart bridge; which was erected, probably, without a change of site. This was abandoned and destroyed in 1829, when it was replaced by the third North River Bridge—of which in 1853 the historian of Hanover could say, "It is a substantial structure, and promises to last for many generations." The ancient piers, built of loose stones, are yet visible, jutting out into the stream some fifty feet above the present arch, and affording its base no little protection; as, after the lapse of more than two centuries, they still buffet stoutly the unremitting current of a stream which—Dr. Howes to the contrary notwithstanding—is not always the phlegmatic "Nort Riffer" of his poem.

So the Judge went over the River; and—I doubt not—as he went, told his experience of the year preceding, recorded

ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF PEMBROKE

thus in his diary: "24 March 1712: 2nd day. Over Besby's Ferry Horse and man the North River Bridge being down.
* * * 28 March 1712: 6th day. Came homeward. Rain'd hard quickly after setting out, went by Mattakeese Meetinghouse and forded over the North-River. My Horse stumbled, in the considerable body of water, but I made a shift, by GOD'S Help to sit him, and he recover'd and carried me out. Rain'd very hard that went into a Barn awhile." Besby's Ferry—so called in deference to its former proprietor, Elisha Bisbee, grandfather of Esquire Elisha—spanned North River at the point where Union Bridge now stands. The way which led Judge Sewall past Mattakeesett Meeting House—which, when he saw it, had been Pembroke Meeting House just one week—was the Bay Path itself, winding up the slopes of Highgary, skirting the western border of the Great Cedar Swamp, and approaching Indian Head River along the route now taken by West Elm Street: and the ford which so nearly brought his steed to grief, was the same through which, eighty years before, John Ludden had carried Governor Winthrop on his journey to Plymouth in 1632.

But the afternoon is waning: we must pause for no more longwinded digressions, and hasten after the Judge, over Quaker Meeting House Hill—which, had he known to what use it must one day be devoted, he would doubtless have avoided though the act involved his passing the "parlous Ford" a score of times—past the houses of Thomas, Francis, and Robert Barker; past Robert's sawmill at Pudding Brook, built in 1693 on the beaver dam which still projects into the stream above West's factory; and so on to Namassakesett, the Herring Brook with its sawmill erected shortly before 1682 by Charles Stockbridge as agent for the Barkers, the Garrison, and the Massachusetts Path. Entering the Path, our party unexpectedly swerve to the right; and leaving Barker's behind them, pass from it into the lane now Allen Street—not until 1715 a public way—through a massive oaken pair of bars, evidently left open in anticipation of



The Barker Mill

THE LITTLE ESTATE

their coming. The sun is just sinking behind the pines which stand over against Dancing Hill, as they cross the valley, climb the opposite slope, and turning the corner of an apple orchard, draw rein before the low, substantial dwelling which in his diary the Judge sets down as "Capt. Joshua Cushing's: Pembroke."

Joshua Cushing, Esquire, was born at Scituate in the year 1670, son of John and Sarah Cushing, and grandson of Matthew the Planter. He received an education which enabled him to fill with credit, during later life, the honorable post of a justice, but which did not save him from diversifying our town records with strange phrases, like "One scoar Blew Birds," and his oft recurring "Apeirll." He had already removed from Scituate to Marshfield when, in January of 1710, he bought for £1000 from Robert Barker of Duxbury, Blacksmith, the latter's "farm or messuage at Mattakesett, bounded on Samuel Barker and the Lane." The residents of Mattakesett, as citizens of the Town of Pembroke, honoured their new neighbor by choosing him a captain, and—with Francis Barker and Joseph Stockbridge as colleagues—a member of its first board of selectmen.

At sunset on Saturday evening begins the Puritan Sabbath. Of his entertainment during this period by the Cushings, Judge Sewall saw fit to say only, "Mr. Daniel Lewis, their Minister, preaches twice." We may picture, each to himself, those solemn functions. Promptly at stroke of the drum, rolling sonorously out over Highgarry, and dying away in the valleys and distant woods below, would issue in state from his front door the Captain, with Madam Cushing and the three justices their guests; and proceeding decorously southward along the hillcrest past the minister's new house—built in 1713 on the west side of the Avenue near its junction with Oldham Street—and so up the Common to the primitive Meeting House, take place in the family pew, there to sit silent in meditation until the deacons, Joseph Stockbridge and Joseph Ford, rise from their seats beneath the high pulpit, and open service with the *Old Hundredth*, duly

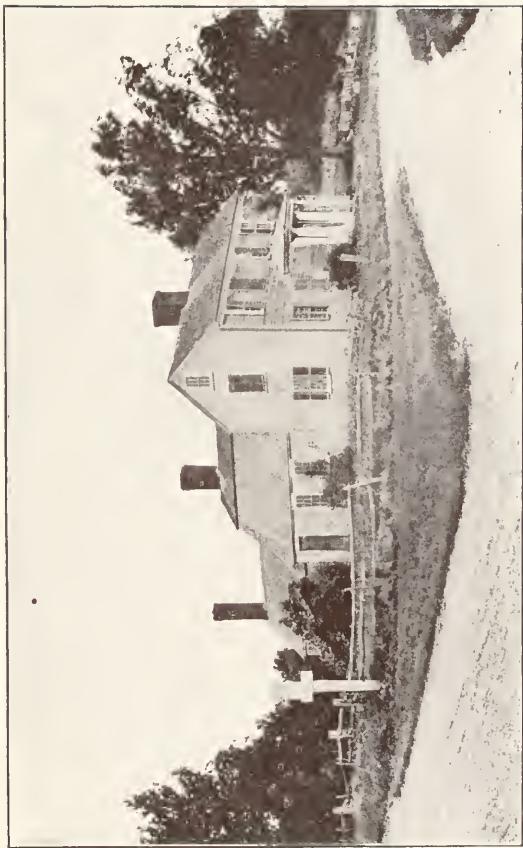
ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF PEMBROKE

“deaconing” every line. The details of the service we cannot come at by guessing; and the Judge—though he often recorded at length such matters—has not thought it worth his while to set them down. Perhaps the young minister, then only three months settled and just turned twenty-seven, was abashed by the majesty of his congregation, and delivered a halting message. Perhaps, giving rein for once to the genial impulses which—we know—governed his conduct as a man and a neighbour, he failed to paint in sufficiently lurid colours the future woes and torments of the non-elect. Few men can speak interestingly to any audience upon any topic for two hours without ceasing: and even the most devout members of Mr. Lewis’s flock must have sighed in relief when at last the long sermon ended, the pitch-pipe sounded, and the deacons rose to lead them in chanting, as a final *Te Deum*, the rugged but noble lines of the eighteenth Psalm done into English verse by the Puritan poet, and blackprinted beneath a staff of rough-hewn, angular, unruly notes in the time-honoured Puritan hymnbook of Sternhold and Hopkins:

“The Lord descended from above
And bowed the Heavens most high,
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

“On Cherubs and on Cherubim
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty Winds
Came flying all abroad.”

Travel and neighborhood calls were *taboo* on the Sabbath—two lengthy religious services leaving small space for the amenities of life; and after sundown, we may be sure, the Judge preferred talking home and foreign politics, flavoured with stout old cider from the Cushing orchard, to the uncertain quantities of an evening stroll. There existed in Pembroke at that period, however, a community which he earnestly desired to visit—the broken remnant of the once powerful Massachusetts nation, now living under nominal



Brimstone Corner : the Tavern and the Bay Path

THE LITTLE ESTATE

control of their hereditary princess in the vicinity of Herring Ponds. Accordingly, before setting out for Plymouth next morning, Judge Sewall—in his own words—“Visited Abigail, Momontaug’s widow, at Mattakeese, a pleasant situation by the great Ponds.” This Abigail was daughter to Josias, called Wampatuck, sachem of the Massachusetts; and mother, by Jeremiah, of that Patience who later became, as Queen Sunny Eye, the central figure in Mrs. Hersey’s wealth of Indian myth and legend: her father and husband were now dead; and she, with her daughter, dwelt probably on a point of land projecting into Furnace Pond near Mr. Charles Drake’s, the traditionary camping ground at Namassakeesett of the Massachusetts’ kings. Hence the Judge and his companions departed, that spring morning of two centuries ago; brimful, no doubt, of the weird ancient stories which we used to hear—it seems but yesterday—from Mrs. Hersey in the gloaming of her rich, old-fashioned sitting room: and as they vanish down a narrow, winding trail among the pines, to rejoin at a point some distance south of Barker’s the Massachusetts Path, let us bid them Godspeed upon their journey, and ourselves return to a province widely strayed from—although, as you shall see, in itself sufficiently extensive—the Little estate.

Of the house which Joshua Cushing bought from Robert Barker, not much is known. It stood on, or very near, the site of the present dwelling; and in front of it, an apple orchard flourished, at least as early as 1712. Its owner was prominent in town affairs from the incorporation until his removal to Kingston in 1725. As town clerk 1714—1715, he opened the first extant volume of Pembroke’s town meeting records; transcribing into a book which he obtained for the purpose, memoranda jotted down on many loose sheets by Francis Barker and Thomas Parris his predecessors. He represented Pembroke at General Court during 1716 and 1723. He died 26 May, 1750, probably in Kingston, at the home of his son; but was buried in the cemetery at Pembroke, where his gravestone may still be seen. Years

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before his death—in September of 1725—he sold his Pembroke estate of seventy-five acres, for £800 in bills of credit, to his future son-in-law, Isaac Little of Marshfield.

The Honourable Isaac Little, Esquire—as his gravestone styles him—was born at Marshfield in 1678, son of Isaac and Bethia Little, and grandson of Thomas, Esquire, the ancestor, whose wife was Ann Warren, daughter of the Mayflower Pilgrim. He was already a widower of nearly fifty, with three children—Otis, Nathaniel, and Mary, who in 1726 married John Winslow, later General John; when, during the spring or summer of that year, he became a citizen of Pembroke. Two circumstances were, doubtless, chief among the causes of his removal. His sister Bethia had in 1711 come to live on what I have called the Anthony Collamore estate, as the wife of Thomas Barker. Mr. Little himself had, so early as 1708, acquired a large interest in the furnace at Furnace Pond. A tract of twenty acres at the outlet of this pond was obtained in 1702 by Lambert Despard from the Indian sachem or prince-consort Jeremiah—through a treacherous fraud, said Capt. Simeon Chandler, which has caused a curse to rest ever since upon the property, depriving the owner of all advantage from it, and slowly but surely blighting him and working his ruin. With funds contributed by the Barkers, and Michael Wanton of Scituate, Despard at once proceeded to establish a furnace on this site: the share of Samuel Barker—whose quarrel with his family thus adds another chapter to these *Landmarks*—was purchased by Mr. Little. Here, in 1722, he cast the famous iron fireback which could, not so very long ago, be seen in the Brook room of the Old Garrison.

Two hundred years have little changed—have left even more completely retired and solitary—the ancient Furnace close. It lies at the head of a deep cove or bayou which makes out from the Furnace pond, winding far inland, and dividing, by a channel not so wide as steeply sunken, the lofty easterly shore. Wild hills surround it, their slopes shaggy with scrub-oaks, and crowned by towering pines.

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The summer sun streams broadly through their branches on thickstrown needles; and in open glades of the oak forest, calls up tufts of hardy woodsgrass from a soil of coarse gravel and decaying boughs. Over these sunlit hills curves the Furnace way from Hobomoc; then dipping abruptly into a dusky glen, follows awhile the brook of Namassakeesett; and ends at last beside a hollow oak that overhangs the channel. Only a slight depression of the earth, running parallel with its course, remains to tell us that we stand by the millrace, and that yonder flowed the ancient stream. Under foot, the ground shows a stain of iron; and like the brookbed, abounds with slag and ore. Opposite rises the ruined foundation of the furnace structure; off at our right, the pond gleams through the trees; and on every side, unbroken save by rippling water closes around us—as in the poet's vision—

“The forest's shadowy hush,

Where spectres walk in sunless day,

And in dark pool and branch and bush

The treacherous will-o'-the-wisp lights play.”

The great oak binds a spell over its neighbourhood—a strong, living link uniting then and now. Indian fisher, forgerman of the colonial time, hunter, trapper, tourist—it has seen them all. Shielding watchers of the Indian weir it grew to maturity. Beneath its branches, French gold dazzled the Half-king that September day of 1701. The sooty furnaceman, stifling in summer heat, was grateful for its shade, and spared it from the fate which overtook its fellows. Back to its shelter, when the busy din ceased, and the forge lay cold forever, came the ancient queen of the Massachusetts, to take by sufferance the alewives that in the old prosperous days of Indian ascendancy had been hers by prerogative, or crouching beside its gnarled roots, to brood upon that lost ascendancy, and lament the passing of her tribe. So ages and races speed. Six score years hath Sunny Eye been gathered to her fathers; but the old oak lives on, to successive generations a majestic reminder of the finality of Nature, and the briefness, not the vanity, of human things.

ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF PEMBROKE

Like the former owner of his homestead, Isaac Little was much in public office. Throughout his political career in this town, he ran neck and neck with his neighbor Daniel Lewis, Esquire, and won from him the palm of an election to General Court nine times: 1735; 1739—1743; 1747—1749. He is said to have been nothing if not litigious; furnace, houses, land, slaves, cattle—all were but means to one delightful end, the court at Plymouth: he and his neighbour Isaac Barker were forever in a lawsuit, and loved each other the better therefor. In January of 1741, we find him prosecuting through the General Court—of which he was then a member—Sarah, wife of Nicholas Sever, Esquire, of Kingston, widow and administratrix of his brother Charles.

Isaac Little married in 1732 Abigail, widow of Isaac Thomas, Gentleman, and daughter of Joshua Cushing. His children by this marriage were: Isaac, born 1738; Mercy, born 1741, who died unmarried in 1779; and Lemuel. He died 2 February, 1758,¹ at the age of eighty.

A very partial idea of the extent of Mr. Little's holdings in real and personal property, may be had from his will, dated 15 August, 1751, an ancient draft of which is still in the possession of his descendant Mr. Samuel Little of Pembroke. To his wife and the six children he devises and bequeaths five slaves—not to speak of other personal property—"Aesop my manservant, my negro woman Relah, my negro boy Saul, my negro girl Rose, and my negro woman Dinah;" two farms besides the homestead; meadow, woodland, salt marsh, and cedar swamp in the Old Colony; lands in Dartmouth and North Yarmouth; and several large uncultivated tracts in Maine, including two islands of 300 acres and three acres respectively. The acreage of two farms, and of the land in Dartmouth, he does not estimate: the remaining tracts amount to 9831 acres. Certainly the whole estate devised by the Will must have exceeded ten thousand acres, or nearly sixteen square miles—the area of a goodsized township: and to the sons Otis and Nathaniel, he had already given "very considerable."



The Little Estate

THE LITTLE ESTATE

A codicil, dated 21 January 1758, is not without interest: "Whereas since my will one negro girl has died, named Dinah, that I gave to my daughter Marcy; as to the said Dinah deceased, there is another girl since born of my negro woman named Rose, another Dinah, which I give to my daughter Mercy in lieu of the other Dinah deceased." Nothing could show better than this one allusion, that the citizens of Pembroke were once quite as fully committed to the practice of negro slavery as were ever their brethren of the South: another document may be cited to prove that they were vigorous in leading the turn of the tide. In 1773 the negroes of Massachusetts caught the liberty fever, and presented a petition to have their fetters knocked off. On 17 May, 1773, the inhabitants of Pembroke addressed a respectfully suggestive letter to their representative, John Turner, Esquire; which may be read at length in the *Boston Gazette* of 14 June 1773: "We think the negro petition reasonable, agreeable to natural justice and the precepts of the Gospel; and therefore advise that, in concurrence with the other worthy members of the Assembly, you find a way in which they may be freed from slavery, without a wrong to their present masters, or injury to themselves,—to the end that a total abolition of slavery may, in due time, take place. Then, we trust, we may with humble confidence look to the Great Arbiter of Heaven and earth, expecting that he will, in his own due time, look upon our affliction, and in the way of his Providence, deliver us from the insults, the grievances, and the impositions we so justly complain of." Pembroke in this resolve took the initiative step, it is said, toward the abolition of slavery in Massachusetts.

The homestead of Isaac Little—which he divided between his sons Isaac and Lemuel—was, by Lemuel's deed of 1784, reunited in the elder branch of the family: the house had, I think, been Isaac's from the first. He is styled, in early legal documents, a gentleman; and the fact that among the worthies of Mattakeesett I find no further notice of him—except that inscribed in his own elegant handwriting upon

ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF PEMBROKE

our parish records—may not be altogether owing to his early death in 1774, since the inventory of his estate shows him to have been insolvent. His wife was Lydia, daughter of Deacon Isaac Hatch of Pembroke: of their children, only Isaac, Charles, and Abigail, wife of Bailey Hall, left descendants here.

Their son Isaac, born 22 June 1761, seems to have restored the fallen fortunes of his grandfather. Legal documents style him "Housewright;" and to him in this capacity—and to his bride, Wealthy or Welthea Winsor of Duxbury—we owe the present house. It was built on the site of the former dwelling—destroyed by fire—soon after their marriage in 1788, under direction of Mrs. Little; who thus, as her husband was afterward pleased to remark, wilfully deprived herself of a housewife's chief solace in domestic cares—unstinted liberty to find fault with her field of operation. Its peculiar style of roof was doubtless her choice: this has, of late years, won for the house—according to Mr. Baker—the distinction of being one of the eight gambrel-roofed houses now standing in Plymouth County.

An interesting suggestion of the fate which befell Esquire Little's holdings at the Eastward, is given us by his grandson in a note appended to his copy of the Will: "Boston: June 5th 1810. Called on Joseph Pierce, who showed me a map of the land given to Governor Winslow's wife, and says it comes under the Brown's grant from the Indians. He says Brown's title is disputed, and a Capt. Noble is now at Wiscassett trying sd title in the Supreme court: there is an immense number of squatters on sd land, and Flagg of Worcester, who went there for land belonging to the Drown family, was set on an island and refused to be taken off. William Maclintock of Bristol knows about the thing; if he would disclose what he knows. Advises me to converse with Noble of Charlestown. To converse further with Pierce and view the map." Mr. Little lived to the good old age of eighty-five, dying in 1846; but so far as I know, his acquaintance with the lost baronies of York, Gorges,

THE LITTLE ESTATE

Round Pond, Broad Cove, and Hobbomock Point, never progressed further than the pretensions of Captain Noble, and Joseph Pierce's map.

Of his sons, Capt. Otis—born 31 May 1809—succeeded to the homestead. The Captain won his title through a command in the Washington Rangers, a stout old *ante bellum* military organization; in which he and my grandfather Whitman remained the good comrades they had already become on their early forays against the Brookwatcher: his three commissions are still treasured by his descendants. Like many another son of the Old Colony, he was employed, during most of his life, in the navy yard at Charlestown. Shipbuilding—once a flourishing industry along North River and the shores of Duxbury Bay—met its death-blow in the tremendous gales or hurricanes of 9 October 1804 and 23 September 1815; which, by destroying its material, literally withered the business to the root, and compelled its craftsmen either to abandon their old calling or, failing that, to emigrate. Scores—nay, hundreds of skilled workmen, and of young fellows born with an aptitude for naval mechanics, were thus lost to the town.

The wife of Capt. Little was Betsey, daughter of Isaac Haskins of South Scituate. Their daughter, Anna, married Dr. Stephen Cushing, and resides in Dorchester: to their son, Samuel, upon the Captain's death in 1895, the homestead descended. Before the house, on the brow of the hill, still stands the ancient apple orchard: and if you will visit it, as I have done, some mellow afternoon in late October, when leaves are carpeting the grassy Avenue, and the first flocks of *wampatukh* fly southward overhead, it will call up for you—as it did for me—the dead ghosts of the Squire and Aesop, of the Captain and Madam Little, and many another, and the old plantation days of long ago; and will make you forget that the traditional beverage of those days may henceforth be had only by license, and that a Merry Go Round now flourishes in Pembroke during the day on which Puritan prejudice prevented Judge Sewall from even paying a visit

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to its site. That the trees of the orchard are those planted by William Tubbs, I do not warrant; certainly the place is the same: thus from the soil—if not from the boughs—which yielded fruit to Joshua Cushing, apples are still gathered by his descendants in the sixth and seventh generations.



The Judge Whitman House

V. The Judge Whitman House.

Jura dabat legesque viris.

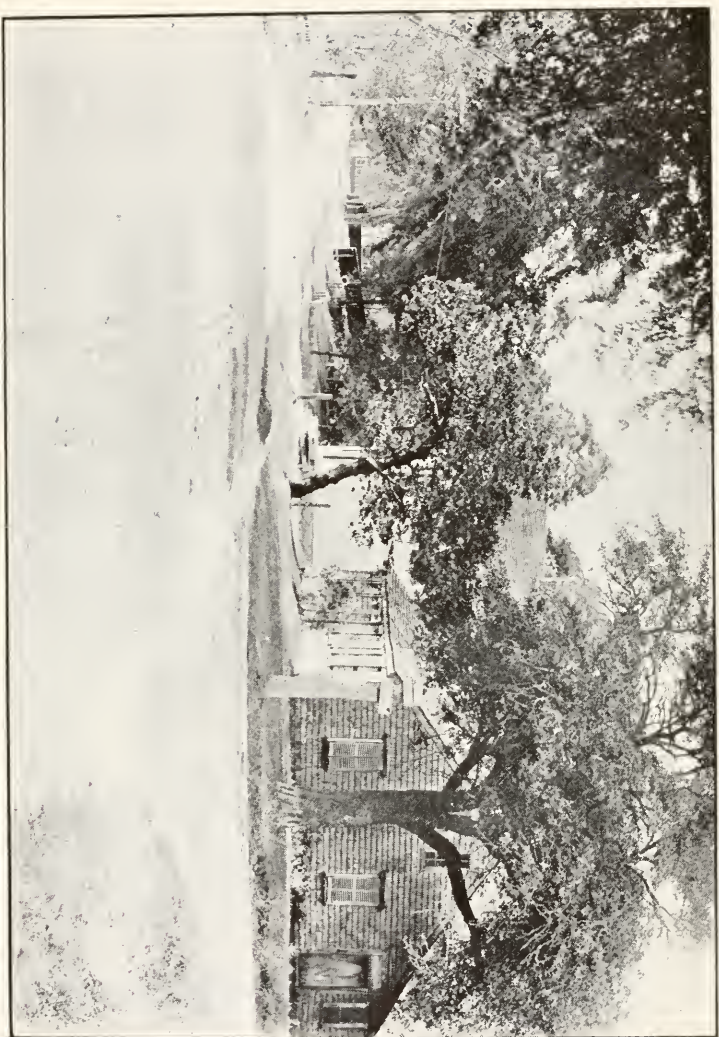
One of the very oldest houses in town stands on Centre Street, not far from the Barker place—a large two-story mansion, with long windows and winding staircase. Near by, several ancient buttonwood or sycamore trees rear their broken tops high in air, and a halo of old glory seems to hang about the place. Well may this be so. Tradition tells us that the house itself—originally a “half house”—was built two hundred years ago and more; and that the later additions, bringing the main structure to its present form, were made soon after 1790. Certainly the site dates from the seventeenth century.

A settler in this region who followed close on the trace of the Barkers, was Abraham Pearce. To him was early granted an estate bordering on the brook of “Namatuckeset” a short distance above the Barker site. He cleared a farm, and chose for his homestead a plot of rising ground, halfway between the Garrison and the hill where Pembroke church was one day to stand. The family prospered; more land was granted them; and by 1712, their holdings included a large part of what is now Pembroke Centre. Abraham, the father, seems to have died before this date: his property was divided among his sons; of whom Abraham held the land on Highgary, and John—the youngster who had his ten shillings “for sweeping ye Meeting House”—became owner of the homestead. In 1714—or, as the deed has it, “in ye thirteenth year of our Sovereign Lady queen Ann”—John Peirce sold his father’s farm of twenty acres for £155 to Nehemiah Cushing of Pembroke, insuring his mother, Hannah, a right of *domicilium* in the house.

ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF PEMBROKE

Capt. Nehemiah Cushing was a descendant of the distinguished Cushing family of Hingham. He was born there in 1689, eldest son of Theophilus Cushing; and married Sarah, daughter of Nathaniel Nichols. In 1714 Nathaniel—with his nephew, Ephraim Nichols—removed to Pembroke, and bought the Samuel Barker estate, now owned by Mr. Edwin P. Litchfield; Nehemiah was persuaded to follow. His fortunes prospered there. He built and operated a tannery near the brook, dealt largely in real estate, and served his adopted town in many public offices. He was representative, 1720 and 1721; treasurer, 1719-1738; selectman, 1734-1738; and moderator at nineteen March meetings, 1734-1755. For many years he was in command of Pembroke's military company, and thence had the title by which he was familiarly known. His children were: Sarah, 1711; Elijah, 1712; Rachel, 1714; Mary, 1717; Theophilus, 1719; Nehemiah, 1721; and Deborah, 1724. His wife, Sarah, died in 1749; and he married Hannah, widow of Joseph Thomas of Plympton, mother of Josiah and Joseph Thomas.

Nehemiah Cushing, Jr., married Sarah Humphrey, and had Rachel, born 1742, who died unmarried; Anna; Nabby; William; William second; Nathaniel; and Thomas Humphrey, born 1757. Of these, William—styled "Gentleman"—dwelt in the ancient house which still stands on Washington Street in North Pembroke, at the turning off of the Marshfield road; and which is still known as his homestead, although it passed long since from the Cushing family. Nehemiah Junior died "in His Majesty's service, at Crown Point," 12 January 1762, leaving his wife and his young children to their grandfather's care. She it is, according to legend, who later went forth a bride to meet her second husband, clad in her under garment; and thus evaded operation of the old law whereby the second husband assumes the former's debts, unless the bride goes to meet him clad only in a petticoat. This piece of apparel was put on—jealously observes the family historian—over her bridal dress.



The William Cushing House

THE JUDGE WHITMAN HOUSE

Rachel Cushing, daughter of the first Nehemiah, married Capt. Edward Thomas, son of Lieut. Isaac of the West Parish, and was ancestress of the Cushing and Thomas families of northern Hanson. Their daughter Rachel, born 1736, married Josiah Thomas: who in 1768, for £133, bought the Cushing homestead from his stepfather and grandfather-in-law, "old Nehemiah Cushing of all," still living in Pembroke at a green old age of eighty years. Josiah Thomas continued the work of the ancient tannery: the depression in the earth where stood his lime-kiln, is still to be seen. The old captain and his widow passed away, and the younger members of the family were scattered. Josiah, it is said, grew discontented with the quiet, uneventful life led by Pembroke folk after the stir of the Revolution was over; sold his place in 1790; and did as many of his townsmen were soon to do, removing with all his household to people the wild lands of Maine. The tanyard was sold to his neighbor, Deacon Gideon Thomas White.

The next owner of the dwelling was Rev. Kilborn Whitman; who came to Pembroke in 1787 as assistant to Thomas Smith, then over eighty years old. Mr. Smith died next year, and Mr. Whitman continued as pastor until 1796; he then began the study of law with his brother, Benjamin. Meanwhile, in 1792, he had sold to his brother for £18 the homestead of one acre; a year later, he bought it back for £129. As Benjamin Whitman once resided and practised law in this town, an account of his life will not be out of place among its annals.

Hon. Benjamin Whitman, born in 1768 at Bridgewater, prepared for Brown University almost unaided by his parents, and graduated in 1788: after studying law, he settled first in Pembroke, and removed in 1793 to Hanover; where he built the house near the Bridge known as the Bigelow place. He was prominent in town affairs; his office became a favorite with students, of whom Hon. Ezekiel Whitman was one; he was long postmaster, and first captain of the Hanover Artillery Company. The uniform prescribed

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for members of the company was: "a coat of blue cloth, faced with red; brass buttons; buff pants and vest; white leather belt; brass breastplate; old-fashioned cocked hats of fur, surmounted by a black plume tipped with red." In the autumn of 1803, "driven by the bitterness of democracy," he removed to Boston; was long a representative of that city in General Court, and president of its board of health; and was twelve years presiding justice of the Boston Police Court. He died in 1840, having for years been recognized as one of the ablest members of the Massachusetts bar. His brief tenure honors the Cushing property; which in 1793 became the homestead of his elder brother, Kilborn.

Kilborn Whitman, son of Zechariah and Abigail Kilborn of Bridgewater, graduated from Harvard College in 1785, and was fitted for the ministry by Rev. William Shaw at Marshfield; there he became acquainted with Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Isaac Winslow. In December of 1787, he settled at Pembroke; and the next year, married Miss Winslow. She was a descendant from Gov. Edward Winslow, the Pilgrim, through Gov. Josiah, Hon. Isaac, Gen. John, and Dr. Isaac; and from Capt. Thomas Barker, an early owner of the Collamore estate. In 1796 Mr. Whitman retired from the ministry, and took up the law, studying with his brother at Hanover. He was admitted to the bar in 1798, and attended all the courts of southeastern Massachusetts: he retained his farm and office in Pembroke, and acted as representative fourteen years; selectman twenty years, 1799-1829; and moderator at twenty-seven March meetings, 1799-1830. He was associate judge of the Court of Common Pleas, when Hon. Nahum Mitchell was its Chief Justice; was many years attorney for Plymouth County, and overseer of the Marshpee and Herring Pond Indians.

Judge Whitman had many students at his office, some of whom became leaders at the bar. He was often called upon to give public addresses, and respond to toasts at dinners; it is told that at a banquet in Hanover, he once gave this toast: "The Hanover Artillery Company—may their pieces be

THE JUDGE WHITMAN HOUSE

loaded with true New England principles, wadded with Jacobinism, and aimed point-blank against every aspiring demagogue!" On many another occasion, the Judge proved himself a good exponent of rich old-fashioned oratory.

"Mr. Whitman"—says his biographer—"was at first Congregational, but later became Unitarian, in his belief. As a preacher, he had fine presence, was forcible, elegant, and popular; as a judge, he was upright, dignified, able, and urbane; as an advocate, he was ready, witty, elegant, and courteous, popular with the court, and successful with the jury: his marked characteristics were fine presence, a good conversation, happy wit, and generous hospitality. Among his frequent guests were Hon. Daniel Webster, Judge Strong, and many members of bench and bar; and his house was the centre of a large circle of friends, who always found cordial welcome there. Many anecdotes of his bright sayings and ready wit, were repeated by his acquaintance."

There were born to the Judge six sons and five daughters. The eldest daughter, Elizabeth Winslow, married Samuel King Williams, Esquire, of Boston; and was mother of Rev. Pelham—who made his summer home on the Stockbridge estate in Greenbush—and Maj. Samuel K. Sarah Ann married Hon. Benjamin Randall, and lived at Bath: her descendants are in Boston. Caroline died single, at Pembroke, 9 March 1891. Maria Winslow was an eager student of history, and genealogist of the family; she married Frederick Bryant of New Bedford, and has posterity there. Isaac Winslow Whitman, Esquire, the eldest child, graduated at Harvard in 1808, and practised law in Nantucket: his brother Charles Kilborn shared his office. The first James Hawley died in infancy. William Henry, Esquire, studied law with Thomas Prince Beal of Kingston, and held for many years the office of Clerk of the Courts at Plymouth; where his descendants are.

John Winslow, Esquire, perhaps the most gifted of Judge Whitman's children, followed the family profession, and practised law in Boston. "He was very brilliant," said Mrs.

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Hersey; "but he was very bad." He added not a little to the glory of letters which invests the old mansion now before us, by his marriage with Sarah Helen, daughter of Nicholas Power of Providence—a girl as gifted as he; beautiful, accomplished in many literatures, and herself a poet never of light esteem. Of him and his family she wrote thus to the historian of the Winslows in 1872: "My husband had two brothers older than himself, Isaac and Charles; and two younger than himself, James Hawley Whitman and William Henry Whitman. The two former are dead, the two latter are still living: James, as a lawyer, living at the old homestead in Pembroke; William Henry is, I think, now practising law in Hingham, Mass. Either of these gentlemen could give you better and more reliable information about the Whitmans than I could do. My husband, John Winslow Whitman, graduated at Brown University in 1818. He practised law in Barnstable and afterwards in Boston. In 1828 we were married. In 1833 he died, at the age of 34, in the house of his father at Pembroke. We had no children. I believe he was the favorite grandchild of Dr. Isaac Winslow, and passed many of his early years in the old homestead of the Winslows at Marshfield. I visited the house with him just before the old place was sold and passed from the family into other hands. Some of the antique furniture still remained in the lovely old house—heavy oaken chairs and tables too ponderous to go wandering about the world in search of new homes. The old family pictures, some of which are now in possession as you know of the Historical Society in Boston, were still hanging on the wainscoted walls of the great West parlor; and beneath was an old spinet played on a hundred years before, by one of the stately ladies who still stood there in stiff brocade—and smiled down on me, somewhat austere from the dusky walls."

In the death of her husband, Mrs. Whitman gave herself more unreservedly than before to literature. She had already published several poems, and won recognition among American authors, when in 1848 she met Edgar Allan Poe. Their



Frances Gay Whitman
Mrs. Hersey
1813 - 1899

*From a Miniature painted
by Mrs. Hersey*

THE JUDGE WHITMAN HOUSE

acquaintance soon resulted in an engagement of marriage. Poe loved with all the impassioned tenderness of his nature: Mrs. Whitman's regard for him, if calmer, was not less sincere. Their engagement was broken, in a bitter and painful interview, by her family; as Poe sings, in the free, haunting allegory which—Mrs. Whitman herself affirms—was written in memory of their separation:

"So that her high-born kinsmen came
And took her away from me."

Poe died the same year; cherishing to the end his desperate love for her whom pride of race, and a distrust—possibly exaggerated—of his own moral character, combined to part from him. Mrs. Whitman survived her brother poet and lover almost thirty years, and died beautiful in 1878, at seventy-five. Her poems, which appeared piecemeal during her lifetime, were published collectively in 1879. They have established surely her rank among the second order of American poets; and one of them, at least, must always find an honored place in our anthologies. I have open before me Whittier's *Songs of Three Centuries*, at the lines beginning:

"I love to wander through the woodlands hoary
In the soft light of an autumnal day."

As their slow melody unfolds, I seem to glimpse—through the mists of many autumns—the gentle widow wandering in quiet reverie by the brook and meadow and lonely hillside of her paradise. I like to believe that its "woodlands hoary" are those of Mattakeesett; that its "loved, familiar paths" thread the neighborhood of the grand old house where, in the hot stillness of a July noon, Winslow Whitman died among his kindred, and where long years ago Captain Cushing's buttonwoods guarded the sleep of Annabel Lee.

Judge Whitman died in 1835; and his widow, in 1854. The house became the home of their son James Hawley Whitman, Esquire, better known as "Jim Holly."

After his death, it was occupied solely by his sister Frances Gay, widow of Capt. Jacob Hersey of Hanover; who lived there for many years. She was

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a woman of great talents—a teacher of drawing and mathematics in New Bedford, and later of drawing in Pembroke. She won fame by her illustrations of subjects from Egyptian history and theology, in which abstruse topics she was much interested; these miniatures were bequeathed to the library of Harvard College. Astronomy and ancient history also, she found prime attractions: and there reposed on her table a wonderful set of Japanese chessmen, which she handled with daring and considerable skill. Her mind was a treasure house of tradition and Indian legend; and for many of the stories now current in the name of history, she is responsible. On the wide tops of her high, square gateposts, she used to feed whole flocks of hungry winter birds; and a host of squirrels, kittens, and other helpless little creatures, were among her pensioners. When over eighty, she was still frequently seen at church or a social gathering, and remained an active member of the village to the last. Her death occurred during the great storm of February in 1899, and her funeral procession passed through snow waist-deep.

He who writes of Mrs. Hersey, will not readily win forgiveness if, having means, he fails to present in her own language proof of her rare gift for story-telling. Let us introduce ourselves to the ancient lady toward nightfall on some misty November afternoon: and sitting by the manypaned west casement, hear—as the light fades across her meadows, and the hill-pines opposite melt into clouds of evening—the curious tradition which she tells concerning the last of the Mattakeesetts, and naively entitles:

A LEGEND OF THE HOBOMOC

“Most of my readers will recollect, lying in the highlands of Pembroke, a quiet little pond, enbosomed among its hills like a pearl amid emeralds, by the name of ‘Hobomoc’. On the south, a grove of native oak stretches far down the vale, vocal with nature’s minstrelsy—the home of the hare and merry squirrel, where the cottage maiden gathered her earliest tribute of Mayflowers and Wood Anemone; a place

THE JUDGE WHITMAN HOUSE

beautiful in its stillness and seclusion, and hallowed by the memory of the noble race that once peopled its leafy palaces.

"Peace to the manes of the Mattakeesetts! The echo of their footsteps has long since died away before the steady march of civilization; leaving no trace but the half buried tomahawk and the broken mounds of their dead, or some wild legend handed down from generation to generation, now fast fading from the mind of their paleface successor. With the mighty oaks that shelter their deserted graves, the last monuments of the departed will pass away.

* * * * *

"In the centre of this pond, once dwelt—according to Indian tradition—a huge stump, which rose about three feet above the surface of the water. The pond, having no outlet, and being fed by secret springs, is subject to considerable rise and fall, as summer heat or rain prevails. But whatever was the height of the water, in the same proportion rose the mysterious stump; or however low the ebb, still sank the obstinate thing: until the Indians—those acute observers of nature—could endure its self-willed conduct no longer. Resolving to be satisfied, they called a council; and after performing with due solemnity their war-dance and other rites, concluded that their Chief, with twelve of his braves, should forthwith proceed to interrogate the object of their curiosity on its strange proceeding.

"Accordingly, the whole tribe having assembled on the surrounding hills, these deputies embarked in four canoes, and cautiously drew near the white belt encircling the stump; which proved to be of thickly clustered lilies. The Chief first approached; and giving the stump a hearty salutation with his war-club, demanded to know the cause of its mysterious conduct. The stump nodded, but gave no answer. The second crew approached: this time a still harder blow was given; but still no answer came.

* * * * *

"The fourth canoe now approached; in the prow stood a

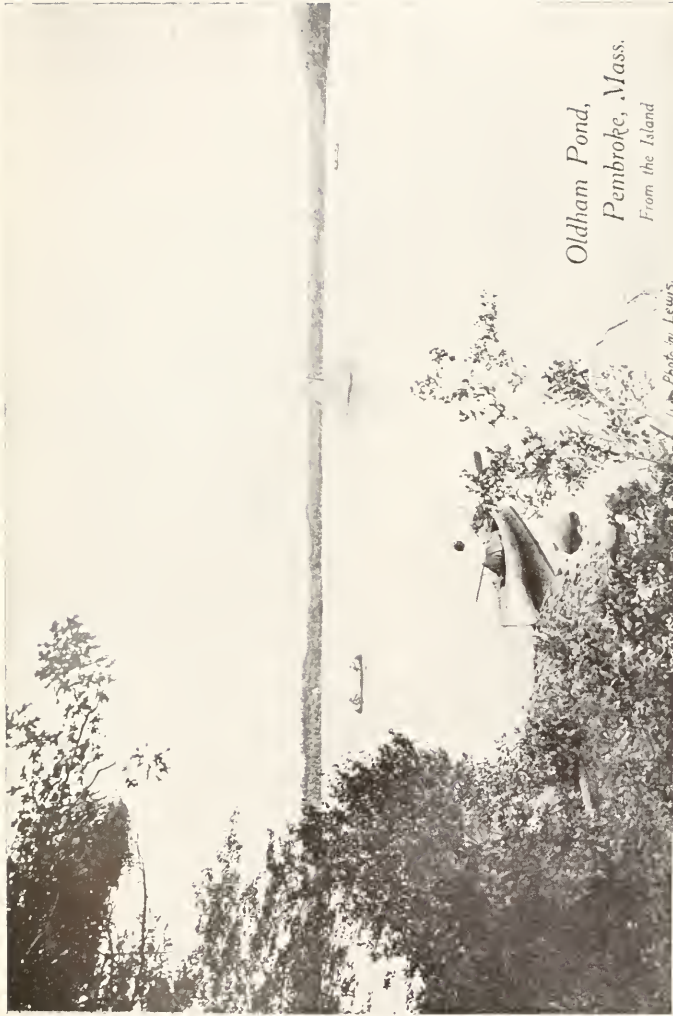
ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF PEMBROKE

tall, athletic warrior, armed with a massive war-club, from which he delivered a tremendous stroke. The stump returned a hollow groan; and nodded so violently that the whole pond trembled with agitation, and the lilies danced, shouted, and threw up the spray in their glee. The terror-struck Indians fled, concluding that the pretended stump was in reality Hobomoc, their evil spirit, and the lilies, his paleface children, whom he brought in the big canoe over the great water, and—knowing they would find no companion among red men—kept confined around him, that he might have them under his more immediate tuition and control; concluding also, with prophetic foresight, that should he release them, their own ruin would be inevitable.

“They never ventured on the pond again: but regularly offered up sacrifice to Hobomoc in the grove, to induce him to keep his emissaries strictly guarded; and threw a portion of corn, venison, and tomahawks into the water, that they might not be tempted on shore, in quest of food, and make war—but might ‘scalp each other’, if they felt disposed to, ‘and not red man.’

“The Indians, for many a long year, lived in peace and quietness, offering their annual tribute to Hobomoc, and destroying, or shunning with superstitious dread, every paleface that came across their path. At length, a paleface came who won their confidence, and ‘was kind to Indian, wanted to buy land and live with Indian, and give him gun and blanket and *kenikinit* (tobacco). Indian like gun, like blanket, and *kenikinit*; but no like to sell land, no like paleface live with Indian. So paleface give Indian gun and blanket, and go back to his own wigwam, by side of the great-voiced waters. Soon great sickness come, and most all Indian die.’ This plague was the dreaded small-pox; which, conveyed—perhaps unintentionally—by the blankets or clothes given to the Indians, destroyed two thirds of their tribe.

“Terror-struck, with a double offering, they fled to the pond to appease the wrath of Hobomoc. The stump and lilies had disappeared, Hobomoc was not there, and his pale-



Oldham Pond,
Pembroke, Mass.
From the Island

Photo by Lewis

Oldham or Monument Pond

THE JUDGE WHITMAN HOUSE

face children were scattered. Sad and heart-broken, they returned to their wigwams, and prepared for departure; saying, 'where Hobomoc takes paleface, Indian no live.'

"Silently they gathered the scattered remnant of their tribe, and prepared for departure. Slowly they approached the wigwam of Sunny Eye—last queen of the Mattakeesetts—known to us as 'Queen Patience'; but the blue smoke still curled round its dark roof, her little harvest was still un-gathered. She came forth to meet them; and pointing to the south, said: 'Farewell brother, go, find new hunting ground in the far valley of the sweet-water, where the form of the paleface hides not the smile of the Great Spirit from the wigwam. But no child of the great Wampatuck, whose wigwam boasted one hundred scalps taken in battle, before whom the black bear fled, and the red deer died; shall ever fly before paleface or Hobomoc. I die by the graves of my Fathers.' In vain they threatened and entreated; she turned to her wigwam, and was seen no more. Slowly they circled her dwelling, and chanted her death song, believing that the great sickness would soon take her to the hunting ground beyond the sky, where no paleface comes; and as they passed her door, laid a portion of corn and venison on the mat before it, that she might have food when no longer able to hunt or fish.

* * * * *

"'Queen Patience' lived to an advanced age, on the little point of land projecting into Furnace Pond at the left, as you pass up along the road from this town to Hanson. Her funeral was attended in 1788, by the minister of the First Parish in Pembroke."

For some years before Mrs. Hersey's death, the western half of the house was occupied by Mr. B. Franklin Paige—now of Hanson—a skilful farmer and dairyman; who made the old farm "blossom like the rose." About 1900 he removed, and the place was held by Mr. Frank Delano. It

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was recently purchased by Mr. Herbert Barker, a native of England who with his family now resides there.

The great buttonwoods still tower by the wayside, flanking the ancient thoroughfare, and suggesting—even more strongly in decay—comparison with those best loved scenes of Mrs. Hersey's musing, the pillared avenues of Karnak and Heliopolis, and the stately propylaea which guard access to its temple of the Sun. Several of the older trunks were cut down late in the last century, and their butts taken to the sawmill. In the interior of one of these, the saw struck a large iron ring, embedded in the wood; to which—it is said—Mrs. Hersey, then Fanny Whitman, was in the habit of hitching her saddle-horse. Over this ring the layers of fresh wood had grown inches deep; thus registering the long lapse of years since Judge Whitman's family were leaders in county society, and the favored of his children sat on Daniel Webster's knee.



The Burton Homestead 1730: and The Union Store

VI. The Burton Homestead.

*The stream is brightest at its spring,
And blood is not like wine;
Nor honored less than he who heirs
Is he who founds a line.*

*Full lightly shall the prize be won,
If love be Fortune's spur;
And never maiden stoops to him
Who lifts himself to her.*

*Oh, rank is good, and gold is fair,
And high and low mate ill;
But love has never known a law
Beyond its own sweet will!*

The early Barker grants included land on either side of Namassakesett or Herring Brook; and on the west, extended as far as the slopes of Highgary—the hill where Pembroke Meeting House now stands. Most of this hill remained, for a good many years, part of the commons of Duxbury and Marshfield; and it was probably not until about the year 1700 that, in an allotment of Duxbury commons, the southern portion was set off to one Abraham Pearce or Peirce. On this tract, in due course of time, was to be built the large, square yellow house—home of the late George H. Ryder, Esquire, which stands in Pembroke Centre at the corner of Centre and Mattakesett Streets.

Abraham Pearce came an early settler to Namassakesett. He was one of those sturdy old pioneers, warriors against the Wilderness, whose forward march was heralded by no notes of fife and clarion, only by the crashing of fallen trees and

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the clear, full, unrenmitting stroke of the woodman's axe, ringing through the desert places of the forest, and sounding, trumpet-like, the advance of a new civilization "against the hosts of Chaos and the Dark." Their lives were set amid the terrors of an untenanted wilderness, or the still greater terrors of a wilderness haunted by the unseen menace of cruel foes. They must till the rough uplands for a living daily, and find neighbors in savages and the wild beasts of the wood.

Preceded in his settlement of this region only by the Barkers, Abraham Pearce had his homestead where the Judge Whitman house now stands. Other lands were added to that nucleus; and by the year 1700, he was owner of a considerable estate. Living nearest the meeting house, he had it in charge; and on the ancient records are several entries of "ten shillings paid to John Pearce (his son) for sweeping ye Meeting House." Early in the history of this town, his son Abraham sold it a plot of ground which became part of the present cemetery, and in 1730 conveyed the adjoining lot of twenty-five acres for £350 to Thomas Burton of Duxbury. Real estate was, evidently, a paying form of investment in those days. Pembroke was prosperous, new residents were moving in from all sides, and the Hill was a spot coveted for dwellings. This place preceded Brockton in disputing with Plymouth the honor of possession of the county seat, for, as is recorded in one of the earliest town books,—

"On March ye Second Day 1729-30 ye town Voted that ye Represente is to use his utmost Indavvr at ye generll Court or Elsewhere to have ye Courts or some of ym movd to this Town for ye future.

Thos Parris
Town Clerk"

This vote was several times repeated; it expressed, not a forlorn hope, but a confident expectation, on the part of Pembroke people; and the motion which it embodied, received wide — though ineffectual — support among the inhabitants of neighboring towns.



Isaac Jennings
1808 - 1873

THE BURTON HOMESTEAD

Thomas Burton erected a house on his newly acquired property, and settled there. He was a man of high family and much learning. His father was Stephen Burton, a prominent citizen of Rhode Island; his mother, Elizabeth, only daughter of Governor Josiah Winslow of Marshfield. The father of Josiah was Edward Winslow, alternate of Bradford as governor; and he married Penelope, daughter of Herbert Pelham, Esquire, first treasurer of Harvard College. Their grandson, Thomas Burton, received a liberal education, married Alice Wadsworth of Duxbury, and became the successor of Thomas Parris, first schoolmaster of Pembroke. He was town clerk 1733-40, and his fine handwriting is conspicuous upon our records. He had four daughters and no sons: Martha died in childhood; Penelope married Seth Jacob; Eleanor married Nathaniel Bishop, and became—through an intermarriage between the families of Bishop and Jennings—ancestress of that Isaac Jennings who kept so many years “The Union Store” close by the house of his fathers, and who was never known to praise (though he often blamed) the quality of his merchandise, or to change the price of an article once marked by his hand.

Elizabeth—the youngest daughter, born in 1737—was her father’s favorite. She was known through the vicinity as Mistress Betty Burton; fond tradition tells of the finery lavished upon her—“trunks full of stiff brocade,” says an old legend, “and a quart bowl of diamond rings!” She was sought in marriage by Daniel Bonney, a poor house-carpenter of the neighborhood; the lady favored his suit, but worldly position interposed. “You must give her up, Daniel,” said the father, warningly; “Betty will never make a poor man’s wife.” But the young man persisted; swearing that, if she married him, she should never even bring the water to wash her hands—which proved literally true. At last her father’s consent was won. He recorded their marriage with his own hand in the family Bible, and added devoutly “Pray God to Bless ym.”

On the eastern slope of the hill, near Thomas Burton’s,

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stood in his day--and still stands, though gnarled and wind-beaten by the storms of two centuries--the noted Sabbaday Orchard. Matter of legend for generations, this spot is the only haunted region for miles around. Dating, undoubtedly, from the seventeenth century, the Orchard is said to have been planted by Huguenot fugitives from persecution before the landing of the Pilgrims. In former days many a mother hushed her children with weird tales of the wandering ghosts of these exiles, which roamed among the gnarled old trees at midnight, and would not be laid.

Less known to fame than Sabbaday, but no less richly stored with historic association, is the Wallis Orchard. Isolated among thick woods which stretch eastward from the Barker homestead, it is approached only by a narrow lane or cartway leading from the northerly road. As the lane climbs upward from the valley of Little Pudding Brook, the ground—which has been swampy, and close set with underbrush—becomes open, hilly, and columned by forest trees. The site of the Orchard itself is marked by traces of what must once have been an extensive clearing. Great stone walls—now fallen, or fast falling, into ruins—divide the ancient fields. Among the wild poverty-grass grow savins and paperbirches, with at intervals a giant pasture pine. Hightop sweetings—trees peculiar, it is said, to Huguenot orchards—are still to be found in this neighborhood, although few and far between. Here settled in the seventeenth century, according to an old tradition, the family of Wallis. The same tradition would have us believe that in one of the earlier struggles between Indian and colonist, this remote household fell victims to an invading warparty; that Wallis himself alone survived the massacre; and that he continued to dwell upon his now desolate homestead until disease or the infirmities of age, or some disaster incident to the remoteness of his habitation, occasioned his death. For a considerable time thereafter, the farm—which had passed into strangers' hands—lay vacant. In the year 1755, the French Neutrals were driven from Acadia, and dispersed among the Provinces:

THE BURTON HOMESTEAD

Wallis Orchard became the home of one of Pembroke's quota, Pierre—or, as his English neighbours soon learned to call him, Peter—Pauline. The ruinous old house afforded him shelter, and a scanty livelihood might still be won from the adjacent soil—sorrowful consolations withal of banishment from Acadia's rich meadows and homelike cottages. Whether the Frenchman prospered in Wallis Orchard; or what eventually became of him and his family—if he had one, and succeeded in reuniting them there: none can say. Our town records are silent concerning any of his name. No trace remains to prove the very fact of his existence, excepting only the vague tradition, still cherished by curious villagers, and one other memorial even more seldom brought to mind. In a southerly thicket of the Orchard, hidden and wellnigh lost among scrub-oaks and thorny underbrush, is an ancient well. A wild apple overhangs it, strewing with fruitage of pale yellow hightop sweetings the little hollow where the water flows. Round its margin, the once carefully fitted stones of the curbing lie disjointed and scattered; but the pool itself remains clear and refreshing as when, that mild December morning a hundred and fifty years ago, the Exile paused beside it, and drank of the "waters of captivity." Wandering woodchoppers periodically rediscover it; they share its bounty, and bless the builder whose name nobody—certainly not they themselves—can recall: but the Oldest Inhabitant has not forgotten: and when, from time to time, report goes abroad through the village that some one has found, in the lonely forest of Wallis Orchard, a wellspring which is—nobody can say how old; he listens, smiles to himself the deep, still smile of the initiate, and knows it for Peter's Well.

In 1766—the year of his marriage—Daniel Bonney bought a half interest in the Burton house; and with his wife Elizabeth, lived there for many years. They had no children. Thomas Burton died in 1779, aged eighty-seven; and Alice, his widow, died twelve years after, at the still greater age of ninety-five. Elizabeth, wife of Daniel, died in 1807: and

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he sold the place next year for \$680 to Elisha Keen Josselyn of Pembroke, an anchormith.

The present house was built by Elisha Josselyn; the former became an ell. In some part of the structure he kept a general store, from which were dispensed—not always, it would seem, in brimming measure—the two beverages which our great-grandparents could not do without. At least one veteran tippler found cause to lament half jestingly, on many occasions, his good coin gone at Josselyn's for old Jamaica, and Mistress Josselyn's thumb!

Mr. Josselyn died in 1857; and his widow, in 1863: their son James Riley succeeded to the estate. His wife was Maria—daughter of Capt. John Chandler Mann, a native of Pembroke: their children were Ella, who married Morton Jones, now of Denver in Colorado; Gilman; and Everett. All these settled in other towns; Riley Josselyn died in 1882, and his widow three years later; and the homestead was bought by George H. Ryder, Esquire, of Pembroke. Mr. Ryder held many town and parish offices: he was town clerk, 1870-1893; treasurer, 1875-1893; collector, 1883-1893; and long a member of the school committee. He died in January of 1894. The estate, retained by his widow for some years, has since passed into other hands.

Early in the last century, the ancient Burton house was detached from that of Mr. Josselyn's construction, and moved to the opposite side of the street. There it became the home of Ambrose Parris—the bard of Highgary—and Mahala Howland, his wife; and later, of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar C. Bailey. It was recently purchased by Mrs. Henry Baker of Pembroke, who removed thither from Little's Avenue upon Mr. Baker's death: its oldtime hospitality is by her richly sustained.

The last and fairest of the Burtons sleeps beside the unmarked grave of Daniel Bonney in Pembroke burying ground, close to the Governor's daughter and the gentle dominie. Their direct male line ended with Thomas Burton, and memorials of the Burton name are few. Still, sitting in

THE BURTON HOMESTEAD

the old wainscoted room where Mistress Betty pleaded so well the cause of her carpenter lover, methinks—in some depth behind the worn panels—they two look brightly toward us; and highly, confidently as of yore, from that deathless springtime of their betrothal,

“Smile on our claims of long descent.”

Dust are the silks and laces, dust too—shade, if you will—the bowl of diamond rings; all that was mortal of the Burtons themselves, is dust: but their souls abide—bright spirits powerful for loving faith and brave endeavour, and they are not forgotten. Their ancient dwelling is instinct with memories of them. Does a board creak in one of the upper rooms some eerie March evening?—it is the step of Madam Burton, pacing restlessly her chamber floor: does a sudden gust sigh through crevice and keyhole, and stir the window curtains?—it is the swish of Mistress Betty’s stiff brocade, descending the staircase, or sweeping along the corridor: does the fire start up with a snap and sputter and crackle?—it is the sound of her father’s quill rustling and scratching while he enters the beautiful marriage record, tracing laborious characters across the page of his Bible, and murmuring, as he writes, his tender solicitude for the welfare of “Son Daniel,” and Daniel’s bride.

VII. Herring Brook and the Herring.

Cato much marvelled how that city should prosper wherein a fish sold for as much as an ox.



WOULD you arouse the enthusiasm of a shop-weary Brocktonian, whisper in his ear some bright April morning that in Pembroke the Herring are up. It is believed that natives inherit a taste for the fishery equally keen, though less open in its workings: certainly at most Pembroke tables a fresh herring two days corned, and served piping hot with salt, pepper, vinegar, and leisure to eat it, is esteemed the only right supper for a damp, chilly spring evening. As for the small boy—friends, have ye not seen and heard him glorying in this his element? Unhappy the youngster, born and bred in Pembroke, who knows not the joys of a herring season! From the sounding of the first false alarm “Herrin’ up!” in February, until grass grows high on the well-trodden banks, it is the Children’s Hour, and they improve it. To be up and about in the morning before the brookwatcher—peace to him!—arrives on the scene; to help and hinder in loading the herring-carts till school time; to ride off with one of those travelling shower-baths, then rush back at the earliest possible moment, and stay until driven home by fear of parental displeasure at late hours and dripping garments—all this, and more, goes to make their day among the Herring. Their seniors—for the Brook has pleasure for all ages—content themselves with a tour of the bank, and a half-day’s visit at the Herring House. Many an April afternoon may be whiled away in holding

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down one of the antique benches, amid an atmosphere of blue pipesmoke and neighborhood tradition; while the rain patters steadily on the roof, and the wind shrills through the chimney, just as they did in the days when herring sold for a shilling the hundred, and Isaac Barker opened his dam.

The alewife is Pembroke's true proprietor by right of discovery: all others have been no more than squatters, interlopers, and tenants on sufferance. The memory—and it may be the existence—of man, goeth not back to that first spring when the pioneer school threaded its way up North River's shallow channel, and found harbour among the new bays and sandy reaches of Herring Pond; where a gentle surf broke upon jagged boulders not yet made smooth by its un-resting flow. The explorers departed, only to return each succeeding season with reinforcements gathered from distant shores of the mighty Ocean. Centuries passed: then came to the Ponds a vanguard of savages, crowded out of the teeming North. These lingered a brief time—to be measured by centuries—and were forced southward, retreating before another and more valiant race; who in turn moved on, after due time, toward their destined home upon the slopes of the Cordilleras, perchance even of the mighty Andes. So tribe succeeded tribe.

Last of all came the Massachusetts nation. They pitched their lodges close by the ponds, entrenched by a wide circle of marsh and forest; and like their predecessors, derived from the waters their chief livelihood. Fresh herring, baked in the ashes, were a luxury brought to them by spring: with herring they made productive their cornfields, exhausted by the unremitting tillage of peoples too indolent to employ—although intelligent enough to recognize—the principle of alternation in crops: cured herring gave a relish, when fresh meat could not be had, to the vegetable diet of summer; and constituted, together with maize variously treated, their staple winter fare. The fish were taken, doubtless, at various points on the course of the Herring Brook; but chiefly—it is believed—at the place where it issues, by the channel now



Furnace or Furnace Pond, and the Graves of the Kings

HERRING BROOK AND THE HERRING

called Furnace Ditch, from Herring Pond. Here stood in 1698 an ancient Indian weir, sufficiently well known to be thought a landmark. This weir probably continued in use throughout the first third of the eighteenth century; until the Town, grown greedy of revenue, assumed a monopoly of the herring industry, pensioning off—in 1772 with an allowance of five barrels—the remnant of the Massachusetts, and thenceforth prohibiting them from fishing in the stream.

The Brook and its product have never failed of public recognition. The Indians' name for this region was Namasakeesett, or Place of Much Fish. That the acknowledgment implied in Namassakeesett was less obvious in the later Pembroke, came about through no fault of their successors in its happy hunting ground. Shortly before Thanksgiving in 1710, the inhabitants of Mattakeesett, or upper Duxbury, began to urge incorporation. Their motion was strenuously opposed by the citizens of Duxbury proper. In February of 1711, Marshfield consented to relinquish her Upper Lands; the proprietors of that district and of The Major's Purchase had already, through a memorial addressed to the General Court, signified their desire to be included in the new township. Duxbury alone was stubborn; and the men of Mattakeesett, failing to obtain any concession at the town meeting of 19 March 1711, decided to proceed without her sanction. Their petition for incorporation, drafted in May following, and presented to the General Court in June, was granted a formal hearing before that body late in October. Duxbury had received a copy in June, and in October chose Capt. Seth Arnold an agent to enter protest: Josiah Barker and Joseph Stockbridge represented Mattakeesett. After some negotiation, their demands were granted by the Council in an order bearing date 3 November 1711. The House, however, dissented, and referred adjustment of the rival claims to a board of five commissioners, who reported their decision in a document dated at Duxbury 11 March 1712. Accepted by the Council one week later, and next day by the House likewise, this report led immediately to the drafting

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of an act of incorporation, and to its final passage by both houses on the twenty-first.

The part of Duxbury thus alienated is in the record of the foregoing procedure styled *Mattakeesett*. The first motion for a change of name appears in the May petition, whose authors desired that their new town be called *Brookfield*. As there had been since 1673 a struggling community of that name in Worcester County, it is improbable that either chamber of the General Court ever entertained seriously the request. The attitude of the Council was plainly signified in its order of 3 November 1711, which directed "that the Prayer of its Petitioners be granted, and that the Town be named" Nothing more is heard of *Brookfield*; nor of any name, until 21 March 1712. It would seem that, from 3 November to 19 March, the minor question had lain in abeyance, while interest centred on the division of territory. In the Council record for that day appears without comment the name *Pembroke*, which occurs in the act under the form *Pembrooke*.

Its choice and adoption were doubtless due to Joseph Dudley, royal governor of Massachusetts from 1702 to 1715. Always an autocrat, upon the naming of towns he seems to have exercised an influence almost paramount, especially during the later years of his administration. Of the towns incorporated within that period, three—*Dighton*, 1712; *Leicester*, 1713; and *Sutton*, 1714—bear names connected with the Governor's family: four—*Pembroke* and *Abington*, 1712; *Rutland* and *Lexington*, 1713—bear names of English noblemen, presumably his patrons. Throughout his chequered career, Dudley had been much in England. Heir to a position of independence among the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, he had early chosen the part of an English placeman; which he was eminently fitted to perform. On visits home in 1682 and 1689, he had made powerful friends: and his circle of acquaintance became still wider during the years 1693-1702; when, as viceroy of the Isle of Wight, he became a social favourite, and spent his

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energies in gaining that interest which eventually secured for him the post of governor. That to men like the earls of Pembroke, Abington, Rutland, and Lexington he should address himself, was natural and politic. All had early cast in their lot with William of Orange, and were now in high favour at his court. All had been foremost in asserting lately menaced rights equally dear to Englishmen in England and in Massachusetts. All had suffered for their defiance of Stuart tyranny in the later years of James. To few British peers could a political adventurer from the Puritan colony turn with better hope of obtaining assistance, or of its efficacy when obtained. Concerning the first and most distinguished, especially was this true. The earls of Pembroke had been identified with Puritanism at home and abroad from its earliest beginnings. The third earl had been a principal member of the Plymouth Company. The fourth, siding with the Parliament, abandoned the favor of King Charles for a command among the Roundheads. The fifth earl became a lord lieutenant under Cromwell. And although he and his successors acquiesced in the changes of the Restoration, they seem to have cherished faithfully the Puritan tradition. The eighth earl was somewhat of a Puritan in dress and manners. He had won fame by his patronage of scholars; and Dudley was a scholar. Viceroy as they were of neighbouring counties, it may be well believed that their acquaintance gradually ripened into friendship something closer than obtained between lords justices of the Realm and gentlemen from over-seas. Such a friendship Dudley might properly recognize by conferring upon his benefactor one of the few political honours at a provincial governor's disposal. Whether the General Court accepted his suggestion without a struggle, we are not told: perhaps we are to imagine a scene like that which took place in the Council when Rutland was named. "This Court," says Judge Sewall, under the date of its incorporation, "a large Township is granted near Wachuset. The Governor will have it called Rutland: I objected, because that was the

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name of a shire. The chief Justice said 'twas not convenient except the Land was Red. But the Governor would not be diverted."

The eighth earl of Pembroke was one of England's greatest noblemen. His title dated from the beginning of her rise to power as a nation, and his estates included some of her most historic sites. His hereditary position he honored and enhanced by the added reputation of a statesman and a scholar. It would be long to relate the offices—some of the highest in the realm—which he held under James, William, Anne, George I. and George II: suffice it to mention those of keeper of the Privy Seal, regent, lord high admiral, lord president of the Council, and viceroy of Ireland. His own scholarship and his generous patronage of scholars made the name of Thomas Herbert no less esteemed among the cloisters of Oxford than was that of the Earl of Pembroke at St. James.' In his fiftieth year he was described as "a good judge of the Sciences; an encourager of learning: a lover of the constitution of his country; of no party, but esteemed by all parties: his life and manner after that of the primitive Christians; meek, plain in dress, speaks little: of good countenance, but ill shaped—tall, thin, and stooping." Would you find him pictured with romance befitting the namesake of the village, turn to Hon. Harvey N. Shepard's address delivered at the dedication of its Soldiers' Monument. Inspired by Dr. Francis Collamore's reference in his *History* to Earl Herbert and contemporary worthies, the orator is calling up to light in long succession personages notable among the annals of Pembroke. After mention of Barker and Davis its earliest settlers, he continues: "A shade of noble form, and with a coronet upon his brow, presses in amid the throng: it is the Earl of Pembroke, once keeper of the Privy Seal and member of the royal household, in whose honour the town was named." Remembering that the Governor's choice enriched our local history with these associations, we may well forget that it cast a slight on Herring Brook and the herring.

HERRING BROOK AND THE HERRING

At one of the earliest Pembroke town meetings, it was "voated yt iff any person shall from the 10th day of Apeirll to ye 20th day of may either build or sett up or continnew any dam or stopage in ye heren brook att pembrook so yt ye fish may not conveneintly pas to there pond yt. It shall be allowable for any person whome the town shall appoint to pull down or Remove ye same." In 1717 Isaac Barker and Ephraim Nichols were empowered "to higher a man or men to go with our Neighboring Indians and clear the Hering brook," and to prosecute the author of any obstruction. For some years, the fish were caught by individuals at their pleasure, without interference from the Town.

Our first notice of another fishery occurs in 1724, when the Town voted to petition the General Court "that Care may be taken that the Herrings or Alewives may have free passage up Indian head river to Indian head river pond their usual place of spawning." This stream seems to have maintained a flourishing business for many years. In 1743 the fish were caught "at the Sawmill called Stetson's Sawmill"—probably that which stood anciently on the south bank of the Indian Head near Ludden's Ford; and long after the Revolution, the Town continued to vote ineffectual restrictions of the mill privileges along that river.

On the Herring Brook, the chief manufactories were the Furnace, established in 1702 at the point where it flows out from the Furnace pond, and the Barker sawmill, erected about 1680, where that of Mr. Lemuel LeFurgey now stands. In 1714 the Town had granted to Josiah Barker "the privilege of setting a corn mill upon ye heren brook," debarring all others provided he build within one year. In 1741 it granted to Nathaniel How the right to build a fulling mill on the northwest side of the brook, just above High Street bridge; reserving a way for the herring to pass by. These privileges continued to be improved, for one purpose or another, long after fulling and grinding corn became lost arts in Pembroke.

In 1741 the Town started out in earnest on its long and

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elaborate policy of herring regulation. From this time, whole pages of its record are devoted to minute prescriptions with regard to their price, preservation, and the methods of taking them. That year the alewives were farmed out for £70 to James Randall: who must sell for no more than a shilling the hundred, or five shillings the barrel, or more than two barrels to a family; was forbidden to catch from sunset to sunrise, or on Saturdays; must keep all others from catching; must "leave no wares in;" and must give full credit to all persons belonging to the Town, the amount of such credit to be deducted from the stipulated £70. Evidently James, who was a worthy blacksmith of North Pembroke, did not find the Brook, under these conditions, a goldmine; for it appears that his bond was soon after put in suit, and even six days of grace refused him. Of the £70, but £25 were recovered; and it was long before the Town repeated this farming experiment.

In 1742 the mills were ordered to keep their gates up from April first until May fourteenth, and a committee authorized to make either limit ten days later. Nights, Mondays, and Saturdays, were close season; and the fish were to be caught at or near the "old Wast way by the Grist mill." Isaac Jennings and Thomas Burton, the Committee, proved remiss in performance of their duty; and on April fifth, were sternly admonished "to see that the gates on the Herring Brook be hoisted with all convenient speed in order for the Fish to have a free passage to the Ponds." Three years later, the citizens were allowed to catch "in the Waste way from the Widow Nicols Bridge and so up the Brook to the Pond's mouth," with scoop nets only; but were forbidden to "take ym to fish Corn as they come down:" the penalty for each infraction of these rules was a fine of ten shillings.

"The Widow Nicols Bridge" was probably close by the site of the present weir: The Widow herself lived beyond the brook, on the narrow island formed by the main stream and the waste way. The history of her cottage is little known. She was the widow of Nathaniel Nichols, and after his death



The Herring Brook: The Weir
1742

HERRING BROOK AND THE HERRING

had removed thither from the Deacon Whitman place. Her homestead descended to her daughter Rebecca, widow of Nathaniel Davis—for in 1749 we read of the Widow Davis' Bridge; and later, to her grandson Frederic Davis, born in 1733. In 1780 the bridge is called "the first bridge against Frederic Davis." Old residents had formerly much to say of Aunt Becky Davis, and the little shop beyond the Herring Brook where she dispensed thread, needles, and snuff to the neighborhood.

In 1754 the Town changed the season of hoisted gates, making its limits April twelfth and May thirtieth; and voted "that no man who has taken one Barrel or more of fish shall assume to take to himself any place or stand for taking them at any time and place appointed by the Town, but must yield the same on demand to any person who has not taken a Barrel." The open season was gradually reduced; until, by 1770, it included for each week only the time between Wednesday morning and Friday morning. We can readily believe that the Widow got little sleep on the nights of Wednesday and Thursday; and that, at other times, a small army of brookwatchers was necessary to guard the long stretch of easy fishing that led from the Barker fulling mill through the woods and swamps into Furnace Pond.

Pembroke was slowly but surely awakening from its quiet colonial repose, and responding to the stirring influences of foreign oppression. In 1772 it sought a diversion in farming out, for a second time, the alewife industry; and voted "that the Poor have one tenth of what the Fish fetch payable in fish at one shilling per hundred, that whosoever shall purchase sd fish shall deliver to all persons six score for one Hundred, and that John Turner may require of the Parcher 5 Barrells to distribute among the Indians." Captain Edward Thomas was chosen a "Vendue Master" to sell the fish; which went, at "Publick Vendue," for 42-16-00 to John Chamberlain. This venture was successful, but was not renewed, apparently because certain citizens were too fond of supervising the herring business to

ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF PEMBROKE

leave another in power. In 1774 a committee of fifteen overseers, no less, was chosen to regulate the fishery; the Town wisely provided that the Fifteen should be paid with the fines by them collected, "and those only."

During the Revolution, the inhabitants of Pembroke were occupied with affairs which they considered of greater moment than even the alewife industry; accordingly, the record for those years shows a summariness of dealing as praiseworthy as it is unexpected. The fish question remained in abeyance till the new state and national constitutions were settled: we find the first symptom of reviving interest in a weird resolution, passed 1786, "that the Fish called Alewives Take their Course Through the Course of the week Excepting from Saturday Sun Set untill Monday Morning at Sun Rise no Body is to Take them." By 1787, most of the Town's notables had returned from camp and council-board; and as talent was now abundant, the modest committee of war times gave place to a body of ten supervisors.

The Ten reported in 1788: on their recommendation, it was voted "that catching the Fish be let to the lowest bidder; . . . that Amos Standish catch at one seventh tithe; that a Committee of Three be chosen to apportion the fish among the Inhabitants according to the numbers in each family; that a Committee of Ten be chosen to Oversee the Brook; that the Three allow the Ten for their trouble; that the Fish be taken between Davis' Bridge and the Bridge next below the fulling mill; and that the time for Catching and the time to Let the fish Run Unmolested be the Same as last year, Viz. After the Sun Sets on Saturday until She Shall Rise Monday Morning, they may not be Catcht." The work of the Ten seems not to have been quite conclusive; for, through 1788 and 1789, men like Col. Jeremiah Hall, Capt. Seth Hatch, Esquire Joseph Smith, and Judge John Turner, constituted a board of commissioners "to revise the Bylaw made in 1787 respecting the Alewives." Their solution of the problem involved the choice of a committee of two to

HERRING BROOK AND THE HERRING

regulate the dams, and a committee of six to oversee the brook. Every member of both committees was placed under oath.

The veterans of '76 plainly found administration of the Herring Brook a pastime congenial to their declining years. Five of them chosen in 1790 to report on the alewives, failed to realize the gravity of their mission; and accordingly, "the Verble Report of the Alewife Committee was Not accepted, after which a Written Report was accepted and ordered to lay on File with the Town papers." This year a nine was chosen to oversee the brook. In 1792 Deacon Smith, Judge Turner, and Rev. Kilborn Whitman were instructed to farm out the alewives: they were sold to Bailey Hall; who was to have seventeen fish from each hundred, and govern himself in accordance with a code of fifteen regulations, and such others as an inspecting committee of five should appoint. The tenth regulation bound him, upon request, to "make out and sing" a certificate of the number of fish sold to any particular person.

Nathaniel Cushing was that year granted leave "to take out of the Great Ponds 250 Herrings, to be put into Indian River head Pond." If the Town had devoted more thought to such measures, and less to developing bureaucracies and Councils of Ten, we should reap a rich harvest of their planting today. Instead, they proceeded next year to elaborate the system by voting "that a Committee have power to deal out the alewives, giving not more than 500 to any family, or six score to the hundred: and whereas in 1792 a hundred of five score brought one shilling; now the prise shall be ninepence a hundred of six score, except that Green Alewives sold to other towns shall be at one shilling per hundred of six score: and Thomas Fish shall catch the same at fifteen per cent six score per hundred." The object of such playing fast and loose with the multiplication table, is as inconceivable as a green alewife. In 1797 the Town came to the conclusion that five score was the equivalent of a hundred: Micah Foster was chosen to "catch under oath, and render

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due accmpt of the number Cetched;” while on one John Baker was conferred the high distinction of “Commissioner for Regulating the alewife fishrey Extreordrany.”

A sane policy was first adopted in the year 1799; when the Selectmen were made a fish committee with full authority, and instructed to appoint an agent for superintending the business. In 1807 the price of alewives was set at twenty-five cents the hundred. That singular institution the Herring List was first employed in 1812, about which time the supply seems to have been considerably below the demand. On the incorporation of Hanson, 22 February 1820, the herring fishery was expressly resigned to the old town; on the condition that residents of Hanson should have all the rights of purchase possessed by residents of Pembroke.

Some enterprising citizen must have manipulated a corner in alewives during 1821, for the price rose that year from thirty-three to fifty cents the hundred. Elated by such prospects, the Town in 1822 “rejected by a vote of 89-13 the offer of Robert G. Mcfarling and others for the right to keep down his gates on the Brook or all right to the alewife fishery forever.” Meantime, the schools were steadily becoming fewer and smaller; not until the year 1830 did a return of prosperity set in. Our town record perpetuates the glad tidings that in 1838 shad were taken in the Herring Brook.

An investigating committee chosen that year reported “that the destruction of the herring is inadvisable.” It is a tradition in Pembroke and North Easton that Oliver Ames once petitioned this town to grant him a location on the Herring Brook with necessary privileges; and that his request was refused by a great majority of votes, because it involved the loss of their herring. Perhaps 1838 was the year of that momentous decision.

In 1865 the present method of seeding the ponds was adopted. It has proved surer and more economical than the old. Ten thousand herring are deposited annually in Furnace Pond; their offspring descend to the sea in August

HERRING BROOK AND THE HERRING

and September, and return—Mr. LeFurgey tells me—in the third year. In spite of all precautions, the shad was last seen in the waste way some fifteen years ago, and even its kinsman the herring—which is after all no true herring, and answers only to the Indian name *alewife*—appears to be slowly retreating before the poison-tainted waters of Forge Brook. Pembroke may waken, some fine spring morning, to find herself left with half a manufactory, and of herrings, never a one.

The Brook has in its day seen a vast deal of practical joking. The unhappy Indians, on their way to the weir, became targets for many a ripe apple thrown from gable windows of the Salmond house by young Peter and his brother. Later, the suspicious brookwatcher became a general butt. It was in youth a favorite pastime of my grandfather Whitman and Captain Otis Little to shoulder a bag of shavings toward nightfall; steal along the stream until “spotted” by the enemy; and then lead him a merry chase off through the dusk, leaping from tussock to hummock, before the innocent nature of their burden was discovered. When such pranks and a hundred others were to cope with, well might the Report for 1847 premise: “The Fish Committee of the town of Pembroke have attended to the arduous and perilous duties of their office.”

Let us remember kindly the Brook and its children, for the good times they have given us, and the small but steady revenue they still yield the Town. Lament for “lost Oliver” is futile now. Somewhere back in dark unrecorded past ages, the herring fishery came to stay. We may not like herring; and we may disagree with the old rhyme I used to hear in herring season:

“Herrin’ up, herrin’ down,
Herrin’ all about the town!
Herrin’ be Pembroke’s joy and pride;
If it hadn’t been for herrin’, old Pembroke would
have died.”

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We may even think her vitality suffered from her preference of herring to shovels. But surely something is due the now despised alewife, that preserved for us an autumn landscape of purple hills and russet meadow unequalled in all the country round.



The Friends' Meeting House: 1706

VIII. The Friends' Meeting House.

*In the still waters needs must be
Some shade of human sympathy:
The dull by-sitter guesseth not
What voices haunt that silent spot;
No eyes save mine alone can see
The love wherewith it welcomes me!
There still, with those alone my kin,
In doubt and weakness, want and sin,
I strive (too oft, alas! in vain)
The peace of simple trust to gain,
Fold fancy's restless wings, and lay
The idols of my heart away.*



IN the northernmost part of Pembroke, on a lofty hill round which North River circles in a vast curve, stands a famous old building known as the Friends' or Quaker Meeting House. The spot shares with Ward Hill in western Pembroke, Bonney Hill in Hanson, and Telegraph and Carolina Hills in Marshfield, some distinction as the highest land in our part of Plymouth County; and this edifice is visible for miles around. "Quaker Meeting House," says Dr. Francis Collamore in a recent article, "and Quaker Meeting House plain have been noted landmarks for a great many years. When Captain Woodward drove the Plymouth and Boston stage about eighty years ago, he said Quaker

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Meeting House plain was the coldest place between Plymouth and Boston.

“The first Friends’ meeting house was built at Scituate, on the land of Henry Ewell, in 1678. The land was subsequently owned by Judge William Cushing, and his garden marked the spot; it is now called the Shaw Place, and owned by the heirs of James Sampson. Later, another Friends’ meeting house was built, in the year 1706, on the Michael Wanton estate; and this was the one moved to Pembroke. Briggs in his *Shipbuilding* states that, according to tradition, the house was moved up North River to its present location on ‘gundaloes.’ The Cudworth place takes in the Wanton estate, I believe. Deane, in his history of Scituate, has much to say about Edward Wanton, the father of Michael. His sons William and Joseph—the latter a graduate of Harvard—were both governors of Rhode Island. Michael, like his father, lived in Scituate, and was a leader of the Friends. . . . He was contemporary with Rev. Nathaniel Eells of the South Parish, now Norwell, and lived in more harmony with him than could have been expected of one fired with the zeal of a new sect. He was contemporary also with Thomas Turner, a lawyer of facetious memory; whose sarcasms were often aimed at Wanton, and always received with such undisturbed good humor that at length they became sincerely attached to each other, though of different temper and different sects. On one occasion, Wanton had been successful in a fishing expedition, and had loaded his boat with fine halibut; calling on his return at the tavern of White’s ferry, he found an assemblage of gentlemen attending a trial by reference. He caused an entertainment to be prepared of his fish, and invited the whole company to dine. This was done in consequence of a sarcasm of Lawyer Turner, who had thus addressed him: ‘Friend Wanton, you are like the apostle Peter. In the first place, he was a fisherman, and so are you; he was a preacher, and so are you; he denied his Lord, and so do you.’ It was agreed that Wanton had the advantage on this occasion.



The Friends' Meeting House : Interior

THE FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE

"According to one tradition, the meeting house was brought up the river from Scituate on the ice. Nathan T. Shepherd, who was clerk of the society a good many years ago, told me the present building was one built in 1706; and that large headed tacks forming the figures 1706, were in one of the doors previous to an alteration made in 1832. The original house had a peaked roof. The story has always been current that, when young Edward Little went courting Edith Rogers, her father Joseph Rogers told him, 'If thee wants to marry Edie, thee must go to the peaked meeting house.' Mr. Little had served in his father's privateer during the war of 1812, and had always taken a good deal of pride in his midshipman's uniform; but like many another young man, he was conquered by the God of love. When an old man, he was chosen representative to Congress; and sat out his term with head covered, as he sat in Quaker meeting. The dress of Friends in the olden time was peculiar. In meeting, the men sat on one side of the house, and the women on the other. Often not a word was spoken during the whole long hour's session; signal for closing would be given by the older members on the raised back seats, by shaking hands.

"Fifty years ago and less, the meeting house was well filled on Sundays. From Marshfield came Edward P. Little's and Moses F. Rogers' families, the Nyes and Phillipses; from Hanover, Otis Ellis, Zaccheus Estes, Simeon Hoxie—earlier, the Baileys, Percivals, and Wings; from South Hingham, Reuben Tower and Joshua Wilder; from Scituate, Daniel Otis, Adam Brooks, and Consider Howland; from Pembroke, the Browns and Shepherds and Keens and Barkers. They were nearly all people well to do; if any needed help, they were taken care of in the society. Meetings were held on the forenoons of Sunday and Thursday—which they called First and Fifth Days. The business was largely transacted on the last Thursday of each month. No votes by yes and no, or by raising of hands, were taken; but each member expressed his or her opinion, and the chairman pro-

ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF PEMBROKE

nounced the sense of the meeting. In old times, the Friends were exempt from taxes to pay for preaching, also from military duty.

"Of members attending regularly the Pembroke meeting, James Keen's wife and Calvin Shepherd were more apt to be moved by the Spirit. Yearly meetings of all the societies of the northern states, were held at Newport; and were looked forward to with very pleasant anticipation. The pleasant acquaintances made there furnished a very fruitful subject of conversation among the young Friends. Quarterly meetings were held at Sandwich, New Bedford, and other places. Sometimes yearly and quarterly meetings would send speakers to the society at Pembroke, and a series of meetings would be held.

"Charlotte Wade, who lived on the Bigelow place in Hanover, and taught private school there, was a Friend. My recollections of her school and of her, are pleasant; although she punished me for being good, the only time I was ever punished for it. One of her rules was that pupils who carried their dinners should not go out of the school yard at intermission. One noon my brother, my cousin, John Shepherd, and I, went down the hill into the river. When school was called, Mrs. Wade noticed that the apparel of the three first named was deranged, and their hair wet. She sent them home one after another, with letters to their parents, at intervals of about fifteen minutes. About fifteen minutes after the last one had gone, I told her I went into the water too. 'Thee has been so good as to tell,' said she, 'thee need not go home.' About fifteen minutes later, I asked if I might go home. She excused me, and I caught up with the others near the Quaker Meeting House.

"Mrs. Wade married Mr. Tabor of New Bedford, and the whole school went to the wedding. The ceremony is a very impressive one. When heart speaks to heart in the solemn stillness of the Quaker meeting, the rite seems more earnest, more soul felt, than words repeated by priest or magistrate. Divorces are very rare among Quakers.

THE FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE

"The Barkers were many of them Quakers. Benjamin Barker used to ride a large white horse to meeting, when he was an old man. He had a large, white woolly dog; they used to shear and spin the fleece, and knit mittens of the yarn. Benjamin Barker was a large land holder in Pembroke and Scituate, and was considered wealthy.

"The Browns were very well educated people. Gould Brown published a small grammar, which was studied to some extent in the common schools; and later, a larger book, called the *Grammar of Grammars*. He taught school in New York; also at Pembroke, in a house now occupied by Mr. Henry Baker, which then stood nearly opposite the Judge Whitman place. William Brown was a doctor in Lynn. Samuel Brown lived at the old home in Pembroke, a very respectable, genial man, of good judgment that his neighbors often sought. He had the reputation of being lazy, and seemed to enjoy it. At one time, he was coming home from quarterly meeting; the road was long and dusty; and he became thirsty. He stopped at a house to get some water; and before he got to the door, heard a woman scolding at a great rate. He knocked; she came and said, 'I suppose you heard me scolding my husband, I have got the laziest man for a husband that ever was.' 'Has thee?' says Mr. Brown; 'I would like to see thy husband, I have been afflicted with that disease all my days.'

"Calvin Shepherd and his wife were very zealous Friends. I knew them well, and recall many traits of character worthy of respect and admiration. He and Isaac Hatch were pioneers in the box-making business, which has grown from small beginnings to be very large. The work, when they began, was all done with handsaw, plane, and hammer; and boxes were delivered in a one-horse wagon at East Abington, Randolph, Quincy, and Boston."

A gentleman who in youth attended the Quaker meeting, best remembers Elder Shepherd by the event of a certain hot First Day morning these sixty summers ago. The Spirit moved few that morning. Sitting among other youngsters

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at the front of the house, he grew restless, and was proceeding to find amusement in one or other of the thousand ways invented by young America during the time of long services; when he met the Elder's calm, reproving look turned full on him. The silence wore on, until—in Whittier's phrase—

“The elder folk shook hands at last;

Down seat by seat the signal passed.”

The boys waited respectfully for their seniors to pass out, and beside them the Elder paused. The offender stood expecting nothing less than a severe—and as he knew, well merited—rebuke. But the good old Quaker looked down on him with a smile. “Boy,” said Mr. Shepherd, gently, “thee will see the day when thee will feel serious.”

The elders' seat whence Mr. Shepherd surveyed the Meeting, was one of four placed in ascending grade opposite the many, and balanced by four others upon the women's side. Precedence increased beginning at the back, and the front and lowest seat was most honorable. Here sat those whom common consent among the Friends held most worthy to be ensamples of justice and gentleness before their fellows.

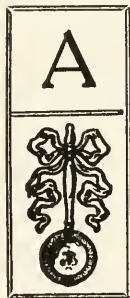
The last meeting held in the ancient Meeting House took place some years ago, and surviving members of the Society are few. Like other churches in this part of the country, it has felt severely the religious apathy which nearly everywhere follows in the wake of Puritan fanaticism; and having originally but few followers in comparison with those others, has sooner shown symptoms of decay. The dress and speech of the Friends is rare among us: and with them has passed away from the village a strong influence for good character and brotherly love.



The Anthony Collamore Estate

IX. The Anthony Collamore Estate.

*Howe'er the pencil dipped in dreams
Shades the brown woods or tints the sunset streams,
The country doctor in the foreground seems;
Whose ancient sulky down the village lanes
Dragged, like a war-car, captive ills and pains.
I could not paint the scenery of my song,
Mindless of one who looked thereon so long.*



IF you come south from Quaker Meeting House, following The King's Highway—the old stage road from Boston to Plymouth; there appears on the right, just opposite the homestead of the late Nathaniel Smith, Esquire, a solid colonial house known as the Dr. Anthony Collamore place. It stands on a green knoll rising above a small stream tributary to Robinson's Creek, and commands a fine view of the brook valley and surrounding hills. The site is very ancient; it was, probably, part of an early grant from the town of Duxbury to Lieutenant Francis Barker—son of Robert, the ancestor.

Of the three sons of Robert Barker, Francis engaged most in public affairs. It was he who represented this part of the town among the Duxbury magistrates. He was selectman of Duxbury many years, and its representative in General Court at Plymouth and at Boston. The furnace at the pond owed its existence to him and his nephews. He was lieutenant of

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the military company of Duxbury; did much towards procuring the incorporation of Pembroke; and was first clerk and first chairman of selectmen of the new town. His house was on the east of the Boston road not far from the site of the present Briggs Burying Ground.

In 1713 he seems to have retired from active life; for he held thereafter no more public offices, and that year gave his estate outright to his surviving children.

The Anthony Collamore site was conveyed to his son Thomas Barker, born in 1686; who erected a large house on the estate, and lived there with his numerous family. His wife was Bethia, daughter of Isaac Little of Marshfield, and sister of the Honorable Isaac Little of Pembroke. In 1714 he is called Captain Barker. He held many public offices: was representative five years; and long a justice of the peace, ranking as "Gentleman." Of his daughters, Bethia—the eldest—married John, son of Hon. Isaac Winslow of Marshfield: who, as General Winslow, carrying out the orders of Gov. Shirley, removed the Acadians from Nova Scotia; and together with James Otis, was prominent in the Stamp Act agitation. Abigail, a younger daughter, married her cousin Joshua Barker, a distinguished military officer and loyalist.

In 1733 Thomas Barker sold his estate at Pembroke, and removed with his eldest son, Thomas, to North Carolina; where he died next year, aged forty-eight. Thomas Barker, Junior, became a noted lawyer and a very wealthy man: he owned three plantations on the Roanoke, and more than three hundred negroes; he was a teacher and friend of Gov. Samuel Johnston. Doubtless the influence of his uncle, Chief Justice Little, was of great help to him. He married Ferabee Pugh, a native of Cornwall, and widow of Col. Francis Pugh; and second, in 1754, Mrs. Penelope Craven, daughter of Dr. Samuel and Elizabeth Paget. Though Col. Barker was a loyalist, his wife was an ardent patriot. She presided at the meeting of those Edenton women who drew up their famous agreement to drink no more tea till the tax should be removed; when the British soldiers had seized a horse from her

THE ANTHONY COLLAMORE ESTATE

stables, she cut the halter with a sword and set the animal free. Elizabeth Barker, only surviving child of Col. Thomas, was born in 1745, and early left an orphan. She was educated by her kinsman, Governor Peyton Randolph of Williamsburg in Virginia; and refusing offers of marriage from Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry, married Col. William Tunstall of Carolina—where her descendants still live.

“Know all men by these presents that I, Thomas Barker of Pembroke in the County of Plymouth and Province of Massachusetts Bay, Esquire, for and in consideration of the full and just sum of Nine hundred Pounds in good and lawfull Bills of Publick Credit of the old Tenour to me in hand paid before the Ensealing of these Presents by Thomas Tracy of said Pembroke, Yeoman; with which sun I do acknowledge myself to be fully satisfied contented and paid, and thereof do acquit exonerate and discharge the said Thomas Tracy his heirs and assigns forever: Have given granted bargained sold aliened enfeofed conveyed and confirmed, and by these presents for me and my Heirs do freely and absolutely give grant bargain sell alien enfeof convey and confirm, unto the said Thomas Tracy his heirs and assigns forever: A Farm of Fifty-three acres by estimation, be the same more or less, situate lying and being in Pembroke aforesaid, bounded as follows—beginning at a great Rock on the south side of the road near where Joshua Turner now dwells thence by said road to a way leading to the land of Abraham Booth thence by said way west and by said land south to the northerly corner of a lot given me by my honoured Father, Francis Barker, late of said Pembroke, Gentleman, the same being a stake and stones thence by said land east to the road aforementioned thence by said road north to said rock the bound first named; together with all the buildings and Fencings thereon situate and belonging to the same: To have and to hold all the above granted and bargained Premises, with all and singular the Privileges and Appurtenances thereunto belonging or any Ways appertain-

ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF PEMBROKE

ing, unto him the said Thomas Tracy his heirs and assigns forever, to his and their own proper Use, Benefit and Behoof; forever free and clear and clearly acquitted and discharged of and from all manner of other and former Gifts Grants Bargains Sales Mortgages Leases Joyntures Dowers or Incumbrances whatsoever. And furthermore I the said Thomas Barker my Heirs Executors and Administrators, to him the said Thomas Tracy his heirs and assigns forever, shall and will Warrant and forever Confirm the Premises before mentioned as before expressed against the Lawfull claims and demands of all Parties whatsoever: And I, Bethiah Barker, wife of the said Thomas Barker, do by these presents freely Grant and Resign up to the said Thomas Tracy his heirs and assigns forever my Right of Dower and Power of Thirds in the Premises before mentioned: And in testimony to these Presents we the said Thomas Barker and Bethiah Barker have hereunto set our Hands and Seals this four and twentieth day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and thirty-three 1733.

Thomas Barker—Seal

Bethiah Barker—Seal

Signed Sealed and Delivered in Presence of us:

Abraham Booth

Fras. Barker

Plymouth: on the 21st day of June 1733 then did the abovenamed Thomas Barker and Bethiah Barker acknowledge the above written to be their Act and Deed before me

Isaac Little Esquire

Justice of the Peace.”

Thomas Tracy, having owned this place but four years, removed to Pembroke Centre. In 1737 it came into the hands of James Randall, a blacksmith by trade, and by avocation the luckless farmer of the herring fishery; who occupied it until 1761, and then for £108 sold it to Ichabod Thomas, Shipwright, a native of Marshfield.

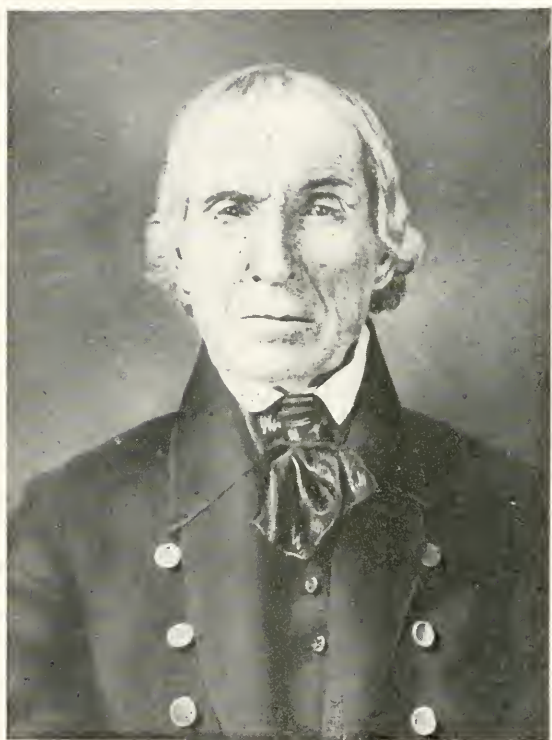
Captain Thomas had sought employment on the North River when shipbuilding was in its prime. He married

THE ANTHONY COLLAMORE ESTATE

Ruth, daughter of Capt. Benjamin Turner—a pioneer in that business; and himself became one of the most noted builders on the stream. Account of him is to be found in Dr. Briggs' *Shipbuilding*, and a record of his family as well. His daughter Ruth married Dr. Charles Turner of North Pembroke, who succeeded Jeremiah Hall as physician of the village; and it was to his successor—Anthony Collamore, a native of Scituate—that in 1809 the Thomas estate was sold.

Dr. Anthony Collamore practised in Pembroke and surrounding towns for nearly half a century. He was many years a justice of the peace, and long a member of the school committee, besides serving as representative to General Court in 1827. His first wife, Lydia Winslow of Scituate, died in 1828: and he married Caroline, daughter of Isaac and Sarah Hatch; who survived him. Dr. Collamore's practice was continued by his nephew, Dr. Francis Collamore; and he died in 1847, aged sixty-one years.

His son Henry H. Collamore, Esquire, succeeded to the estate, and lived there until about ten years ago; when he removed to Fall River. Mr. Collamore was much in public office, and served as selectman from 1883 to 1894. After his removal, the house was for some time untenanted. It is now the summer residence of Hon. James M. W. Hall of Newton.



David Oldham, Esquire
1776 - 1857

X. Squire Keen Mansion and Oldham Farms.

*Her home is brave in Jaffrey Street,
With stately stairways worn
By feet of old Colonial knights
And ladies gentle-born.*

*Still green about its ample porch
The English ivy twines,
Trained back to show in English oak
The herald's carven signs.*

*And on her, from the wainscot old,
Ancestral faces frown,—
And this hath worn the soldier's sword,
And that the judge's gown.*



THE traveller who, coming southward along the Plymouth highway, abandons it at a point not far beyond West's factory, and takes the gently ascending road to Pembroke Meeting House, sees presently before him on the crest of the hill, through an orchard of ancient appletrees, the narrow gable and high, roomy ell of Squire Keen's mansion, for sixty years past known more generally as the John Oldham place. As he draws nearer, following a path at the base of the orchard wall, and notes—for this house, like certain others, has a distinction that compels the eye—the narrowness of its windows, the absence of blinds, and its perfect

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preservation withal; he will find himself in doubt whether its singular outlines are due to direct influence of a fashion obsolete before the Revolution, or to the whimsicality of its builder. His first guess is the truer. The old houses of Pembroke are not few or undistinguished. It would be hard to name among them the superior of this in historic interest, or its equal in fineness of construction and certain antiquity.

Before the house a pair of evergreens do sentry duty: they are enclosed by a yard with posts of hammered stone imported by Mr. Josiah Barker; and beneath them, from street to front door, leads a path thickly strown with smooth round pebbles, fetched hither—it is said—by the Squire in saddlebags from the beaches of his Marshfield farm. Opposite the doorway, a wonderful carved staircase winds upward to spacious chambers with projecting beams and braces, and the shadowy, many-alcoved attic above. Here may be seen, free of plaster and sheathing, the excellent materials used in the first construction: stout oak beams are the rafters, hewn and treenailed to form a joint; the floor has in it planks of width to make a modern sawyer stare and gasp; and the mighty chimney, although shrunk to a fraction of its dimensions below, still dwarfs the very foundations of most chimneys built nowadays. Throughout the house, in every corner of wall and ceiling, are found projecting beams, covered with ornamental sheathing, and studded at a convenient height with smooth-turned pegs of wood. In the south room only remains Esquire Josiah's substitute for blinds—a set of panelled shutters, three panels at each window, through which a single oval opening, high up in the middle panel, admits a single shaft of light. Over all the woodwork this principle of the panel is constantly reappearing: and every groove seems perfect as when it left the joiner's hand. Three traces only of Time's tear and wear I noticed—the bowing of timbers here and there, unable to withstand the racking storms of eight score winters; the smoke-blackened surface of a beam in the outer kitchen; and the polish on a flight of stone steps leading to the cellar, worn smooth by many a



The Squire Keen Mansion

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busy housewife's passing up and down. A small isolated room on the north angle has from time immemorial—why, nobody can imagine—been called the Nunnery. Its slide and numerous shelves declare it an antique cheese-room: the slide is now sealed, and the shelves demolished; but from the door still hangs a time-honored latchstring—successor to that which many a day, I mistrust, put the little Keens at Surly Elf's mercy, when Squire Josiah went out electioneering, and Madam Sarah's back was turned.

So far the interior: of the autumn view from the attic; of the grape-vine which in September hangs its clusters at every southerly window; of the great stone walls adjoining, and the barn with its dragon vane—of these I must make but hurried mention, omitting much else well worth the telling: and after this brief and bare description, pass on to things historical.

From the obscurity into which the number and vagueness of grants to Barkers have cast the history of land-titles in its neighborhood, this homestead first emerges, late in the seventeenth century, as a part of the estate of Samuel Barker; to whose estrangement from his family and ultimate removal I have elsewhere referred. Some years before he left Pembroke—the deed bears date 13 April 1699—he sold to his brother-in-law John Keen of Duxbury, for fourscore pounds in current money, 160 acres of upland and meadow, extending from the confluence of Herring and Pudding Brooks considerably to the east of the “way leading to Mattakeesett mill,” now Barker Street.

The new owner was son of Josiah Keen, a pioneer of Duxbury. He married Rebecca, sister of Samuel, and daughter of Isaac and Lydia Barker. His name appears among the freeholders of Pembroke at the time of its incorporation; but I have not learned where within the town he lived. Apparently he had not made extensive improvements upon his 160 acres, when in March of 1744 he transferred them, for £1200 lawful money, to his son Josiah, also of Pembroke. John Keen died that year, at the age of eighty-

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three; his son John became administrator. Under John Junior's management, the personal property soon evaporated: at the time of his death, in 1777, the estate still remained unsettled: administrator succeeded administrator; and the miserable business eventually lingered on into the next century, until in 1801 an uncommonly searching appraisal revealed four acres of meadow, and the proceeds thereof were divided, after fifty-seven years of litigation, among old John's grandchildren.

Josiah Keen, Esquire, has long been a figure shrouded in the mists of the eighteenth century. Unlike his contemporaries of the Revolution—Hatch, Chamberlain, Hitchcock, Hall, and the Turners—he left no descendants in Pembroke: and a reputation great, if not altogether savoury, soon ceased to receive much notice from men who had new scandals of their own to disseminate, and new achievements to praise. Josiah Keen was born at Pembroke on the 19th of October, 1713, O. S. He came late among many children; it must have been very largely due to his own industry and business ability, that at the age of thirty he was owner of a considerable amount of real estate, and a “Yoeman” highly respected by his neighbors. In 1744 he bought his homestead, and probably proceeded at once to build the house he was occupying—a deed tells us—4 September 1749. His income was derived from farming; the manufacture of potash; dealings in real estate; and a business which in 1757 caused him to be styled “Merchant of Boston,” although he seems always to have made his home at this place. He married in 1756 Sarah, daughter of Bryant and Abigail Parrott, and widow of Christopher Tilden, Mariner, all of Boston; their children were Sarah, born 7 October 1758, and Rebecca.

Five months after his marriage, Josiah—like Macbeth, it may be, spurred on by his lady—entered the political field, and won election as representative in General Court for 1757; ousting Israel Turner, Esquire, who had enjoyed a seven years' tenure of the office. He was annually re-elected—

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Israel Turner's victory of 1759 excepted—until 1763; when a new aspirant, John Turner, defeated him. Nevertheless the Squire—commissioned a justice about 1760—secured reinstatement in 1765, the year of the Stamp Act; and received the following instructions, adopted—at a town meeting adjourned to seven of the clock afternoon, Monday, 21 October, 1765—"by a grate majority of vots:"—

"To Josiah Keen Esqur at Pembroke

The freeholders and other Inhabitants, in town meeting assembled, Considering the Distress that will be brought upon us by the stamp act if it should take place: We think said Act intolerable in its consequences and imposable to be Carried into Exceution without ye utter Ruin of ye Province—and yet their is grate danger that it may in time dissolve the commerce connections and friendship now subsisting between Grate Brittain and her colonies. We also Judge it best to withstand the evil in its Beginning, lest after ye chains are once riveted upon us, we should find no remedy till we be worn out and intirely and utterly consumed. We have therefore thought proper and do by our unanimous vote give you the following instructions (viz) that You Give Your Cearfull and Constant attendance at the Next assembly throughout their approaching Session, and as accation may offer, firmly oppose said Act—not to concur to any Measures that may have the Leass appearance of Giving it any Countenance Directly or indirectly: that you use your uttermost skill and wisdom, in conceart with the other worthy members of the assembly, to Pospone the introduction of said Act, until the untitted Cries of the Whole Continant may have Reachd the ears of our most gracious King and the Parliment of Grate Brittain, and shall obtain from them, who wish neither the death nor loss of their colonies, an answer of Peace."

After 1762 John Turner, who was Town Clerk 1759-1787, seems to have conveniently forgotten to record the elections of Capt. Keen—as the House Journal usually styles him; who was, nevertheless, returned in the years 1770-1772, as

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well as in 1765. One document relating to his last campaign kind Fortune has preserved for us:—

“To the Honorable House of Representatives, assembled at Cambridge ye 27th Day of May A. D. 1772, the Petition and Remonstrance of the Subscribers the inhabitants of the Towne of Pembroke in the county of Plimouth, in New England. Humbly Sheweth that whereas at a Towne meeting held at Said Pembroke on ye 25th Day of May 1772 for the choice of Representative in which meeting Josiah Keen Esq. was declared by one of the Selectmen of Said Town to be chosen to Represent them at ye Greate and General Court the insuing year &c. Which Choice we the said inhabitants Protest against by Reason of the Said meeting was Carried on very irregular and Disorderly, and Said Choice illegal and unfairly obtained which appeared in many particulars (viz)

“1st. That many of the Persons who gave in their votes (as we apprehend) were unqualified by Law So to give in their Votes and althow objections were made against Several Persons, yet No man being Put to the Test whether they were Qualified or Not according to Charter, the Selectmen one of them at Least Declaired No Justice Present would Sware any Person and ye Town Clerk Could Not while Sd Keen being the Justice was present—

“2d. That the Said Keen in ye face of the Towne Meeting, Previous to Said Choice being in the front Gallery with a number of his Party openly Demanded the Selectmen to Receive their votes according to agreement as &c. by which it seems to appear that the said Selectmen ware of his Party and that they made an agreement with him that he should be elected in an undue manner. But that motion of Removeing out of their Seat being opposed by Those who Desired order and Rule, the Selectmen did not Comply with his Said Keens Demand, upon which he, Said Keen Starts up from his Seet and orders those of his Party to follow him, at which motion they all Came Down from ye Gallery in a furious and tumultuous manner and he said Keen Thretning as he went: and Broake up all order and Rule in Said meeting

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Said Keen advancing himself to ye hat in which the votes ware and their Thrust in his Vote and ordered Those of his Party who followed him to do the Like, which they did, and Took upon himself To order the Said meeting himself untill all the votes ware in by which means we apprehend he unfairly obtained his Election. All which is Contrary to ye freedom of Election and a Debauchery of our Excellent Constitution and of an Evil Tendency as we apprehend.

“Wherefore we the Subscribers, inhabitants of Said Town of Pembroke do Humbly Pray that the Said Josiah Keen may not be allowed a Seet in the Honorable House abovesaid in Consequence of Said Election. But that he may be Denied the Same, and said inhabitants Trewly and Properly Represented in Said Court The Present Year.

“Dated at Pembroke ye 27th Day of May A. D. 1772.

Aaron Soul
Barnebas Foord
Samll Goold
Josiah Barker
Abel Stetson
Danll Baker
Nathl Loring Jur.
Joseph Bearce”

Whether the charges set forth in this petition were just or not; whether the Squire, as he strode out from old Harvard Hall that afternoon of May twenty-seventh, with Hon. John Hancock and Col. Williams, on their way to advise the Governor that the House would elect Councillors, was troubled by forebodings of the storm a brewing in the Old Colony: can never be known. The remonstrance against his action was not presented. Certain it is, however, that he lost his seat next year to John Turner, and that he never again, by fair means or foul, succeeded in carrying an election; and that he died not very much later, 9 October 1778, in the midst of the Revolution, at the age of sixty-five years. Of his alleged confederates, the Selectmen, two—Capt. Edward

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Thomas and Capt. Thomas Turner—failed of re-election. Thomas Turner was my ancestor; he was also a neighbor and friend of Squire Keen's; and may, I suppose, as well as another have contracted to aid him in filibustering the Meeting House.

The Squire's daughters—incidentally, perhaps, the Squire's acres—spelt in one breath delight and despair for neighboring swains. Suitors were many, but few found favor. Chief among the aspirants to the elder daughter's hand appeared Elisha Turner, Mariner—son of Israel, Esquire, her father's ancient competitor—and Tubal Cain. Tubal was Sarah's cousin; and like the old blacksmith, "a man of might was he:" however, the sailor's lighter graces made him a better courtier, while to paternal eyes greater still seemed the disparity between a yeoman's narrow prospect and the rich chances of the India trade. But with his hope of victory Tubal's love did not wane. Returning one night in company from North River—he from some errand, young Turner from a cruise—and each maintaining valiantly his prior claim upon the smiles of Sarah, the rivals came to blows. Just before they came opposite Dr. Hall's, some taunt of Tubal's fired the Turner temper: Elisha surprised him; seized him by the queue; and taking a secure turn of it about a convenient fence-post, proceeded to improve the advantage. But a stouter cable was needed to hold the mighty Tubal under such indignity. Something yielded—not the fence, averreth our legend, nor yet the hand of Elisha—and Tubal wrenched clear. What happened then is not related: nor have we the subsequent history of the queue. The prize of conquest, we know, went to the sailor. Dead these many generations are he and his household; his descendants removed so long ago from the village that they are scarcely a name: but of his own address and valour, fond tradition still cherishes the memory, and loves to tell how that night by the dusky wayside, in the hollow below the Barker burying ground, he fought for his lady with Tubal Cain.

The marriage of Sarah Keen and Captain Turner took

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place in 1781. Two years later, 28 March 1783, the homestead was divided between them and their sister Rebecca, to whom fell the house with land adjoining. The westerly tract—including a causeway, now the lane of Mr. LeFurgey—was held until 1801 by the Turners; then transferred to Daniel Ford of Boston and Pembroke, Mariner, whose widow long retained it; and finally, in 1810, by result of litigation, became the homestead of Benjamin Barker. Madam Sarah, the widow, died in 1784: Rebecca lived on at the old house, until in 1791 she married a “braw Scottish wooer,” William Dall of Boston, Merchant, and removed thither to a stately mansion which once stood on Washington street, some distance above Dover, surrounded by ancient trees and a tract of rich grass land extending to the water-side.

In 1795 William and Rebecca, for \$1833, conveyed the homestead—now of some 67 acres only—to her half-brother Joseph Tilden of Boston, Mariner. His widow, Sarah Tilden, succeeded to the estate before 1801; and perhaps for some years made it her home. I have heard, also, that Elisha Turner occupied it during this period, and that hence was the warm affection for Pembroke always cherished by his daughter Mrs. Livingston. Sarah, his other daughter, married Col. Alexander Seammell, son of Gov. John and Lucy Brooks. Their sons, John and George, became officers in the Navy and Army, respectively; their daughter, Lucy, married Edward L. Keys in 1843.

The next owner of Squire Keen's mansion—which henceforth passes out of his family—was Horace Collamore, Merchant of Boston, son of Capt. Enoch of Scituate: Mr. Collamore bought the estate for \$1450 in 1821. Two years later, as Gentleman of Pembroke, he conveyed it to the three minor sons of his brother Gilman; whose decision to remove from Boston had precipitated a family quarrel. His wife, Maria Eliza Hoffman, never resided here. Upon his death, she speedily wedded Israel Ames of Boston, Merchant: who acted as guardian of her three sons—Gilman, John Hoffman, and George Washington; and in that capacity, on 24th April

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1834, transferred their estate—which, for several years just preceding, had been occupied by Mr. Elisha Barker—to their uncle Dr. Anthony Collamore, agent for Josiah Barker of Charlestown. Of these youngsters, John Hoffman died a bachelor, and left his wealth to the Masons; General George perished in a well on his farm in Kansas, where his wife had concealed him from the sharp eyes of a detachment of Southern cavalry.

Josiah Barker of Charlestown, Gentleman, was the son of Ebenezer and Priscilla Barker of Pembroke, and a descendant from Robert Barker through Francis, Ebenezer, and Josiah. Born in 1763, in 1777 he entered on a military career which lasted throughout the war, and embraced both branches of the service, army and navy. After peace was declared, he settled at Pembroke, and applied himself to shipbuilding—then the chief industry along North River: but in 1795 transferred his business to Charlestown, whither in 1799 he removed with his family. From about the year 1810, he held the position of Naval Constructor at the Navy Yard; and there in 1834 rebuilt the famous old frigate *Constitution*. This year he bought the Collamore property: which he retained until in 1843, after a service of thirty-four years at Charlestown, he was ordered to Portsmouth; and then conveyed in part, for \$1400, to David Oldham, Esquire, of Pembroke—husband of his sister Deborah. Mr. Barker died 23 September 1847. His wife was Penelope, daughter of that Capt. Seth Hatch who ran the blockade of Quebec in his sloop *Clamshell*, carrying supplies to General Wolfe: neither she nor her descendants since 1843 made Pembroke their home.

Thomas Oldham was an early settler of Scituate. His son Thomas resided in Duxbury when, by a deed dated 16 April 1693, he purchased for £14 silver, through Major William Bradford, from "Jeremiah Indian of Mattakeessit in the County of Plimouth and Abigail his wife or squa only daughter and sole heir of Josias Chickatabut Indian Sachem late deceased" a tract of 100 acres on the north shore of



The Oldham Manor : 1693. From the South

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Oldham or Monument Pond. The bounds were settled before James Bishop and Thomas Lambert, and the grant confirmed by a receipt from Jeremiah dated 1694. Thomas Oldham seems never to have settled on his purchase. By an instrument dated 20 June 1695—which was confirmed by deed in 1702—he obliged himself to give half of his land at Mattakeesett to his brother Isaac: who built that summer, it is said, a dwelling on the site of Oldham Farm; and in the late autumn married and brought thither his wife Hannah, daughter of Josiah and Hannah Keen of Duxbury, and aunt of Squire Josiah.

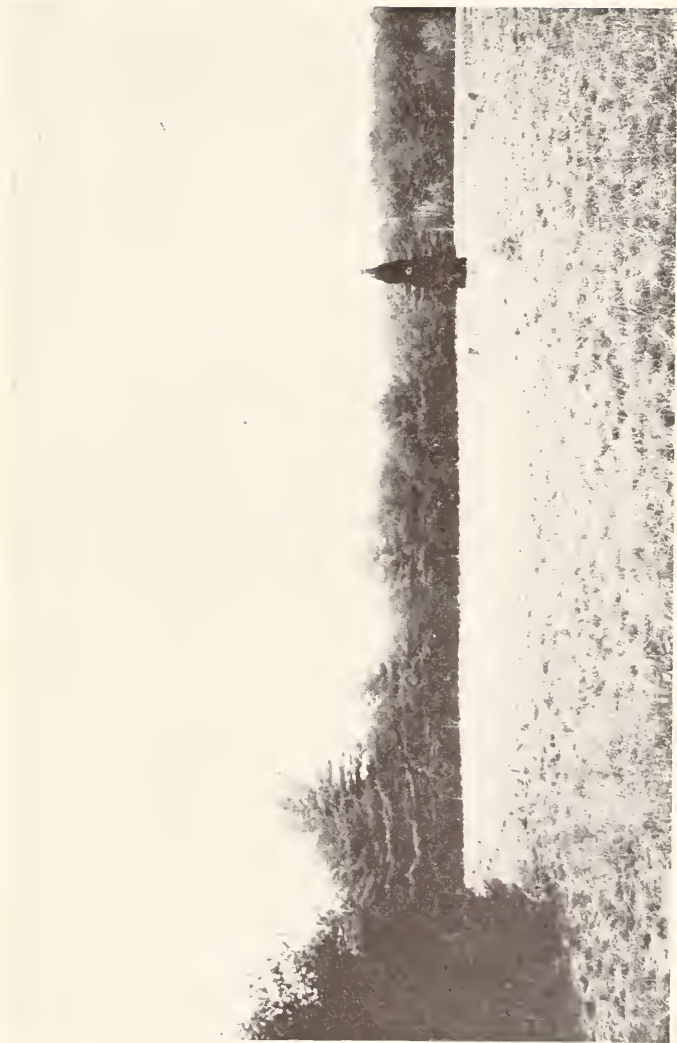
The Oldham grant included just one tenth of those Thousand Acres which shrewd old Josias had always been careful to reserve expressly from his cessions of territory—notably of the Major's Purchase in 1662—about Herring Ponds; and which Abigail and her half-caste husband, Jeremiah, were now hastening to dispose of at two shillings nine pence the acre. The domain of the Massachusetts was indeed sadly shrunk since that September day in 1621 when Chikkatabak their Emperor, issuing from the fastnesses of Namassakeesett and appearing at Plymouth with Quadaquina and seven other inferior sachems, acknowledged himself the royal subject of King James. The nation then numbered some 3000 warriors; and ranged a territory which, including the Blue Hills of Milton, on its south-easterly boundary extended from Titicut, near Taunton, to Nishamagoguanett, near Duxbury mill. Chikkatabak's village was during most of the year at Neponset, but frequently also—it seems probable—at Namassakeesett, near Herring Ponds; which after him became the sole residence of the sachem's family. He perished, with many of his people, in the small-pox epidemic of 1633; and was succeeded by Josias, his son, variously styled Wampatuck and Chickatabut. Josias had one son, Charles Josiah; to whom, not later than 1662, he gave the Thousand Acres, in joint tenure with George, styled "Wampy"—doubtless a corruption of Wampatuck. The frequency of the latter name among these Indians is

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easily explained as a direct consequent of its literal meaning *wild-goose*. In 1684 Josias' flock at Namassakesett had dwindled to forty persons; and—as we have seen already—by 1693, he and his son were dead. His daughter Abigail and her husband Jeremiah, styled Momontaug or Mummatogue, succeeded him: their children were Patience, called Sunny Eye, and Charles Josiah. Jeremy died before 1713. The apocryphal legend of Hobomoc has much to say of Patience' husband Wachita—the Stag—and daughter Ertil, or Wild Rose; of their untimely deaths; of a second pestilence; of the flight into Tunk, and Patience' destitution: whether the persons mentioned are each and all as mythical as the haunted stump, I know not. Before the personality of good old Queen Sunny Eye, at least, scepticism stands silent. She died very aged in 1788, and her funeral was attended by the minister of the First Parish in Pembroke.

Isaac Oldham tilled his new plantation forty years, dying in 1736: his son Isaac, born 1709, succeeded to the homestead; where he resided until his death in 1796. The pioneer's dwelling was by this time weather-worn and rickety; his grandson David, born 1741, occupied a house which he had erected a few rods to the eastward on the other side of the road; and it remained for David Junior, born 1776, husband of Deborah Barker, to rebuild in 1804 on the ancient site.

David Oldham, Esquire, was a man of prominence in his day. That day came before the rule of rotation in office—of which, undoubtedly, the worst phase appearing in this region is a restriction of the Representative's service—had gained much favor; and Squire Oldham, with his sons, enjoyed fully the freedom of their time. Eighteen years—1815-23: 1826-32: 1834-5—he was a member of the Board of Selectmen, and generally its chairman. He acted as moderator at many Town Meetings between 1822 and 1838. Together with his town affairs, he handled much business as justice: he was frequently chosen to office by the First Parish; and his fine handwriting, surpassed in regularity of stroke only



The Indian Fields

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ly Deacon Oliver Whitten's, is conspicuous upon its books. He was associated in many legal transactions with Judge Kilborn Whitman—who was, on the other hand, a notably poor writer—and consequently, gained considerable skill in deciphering that gentleman's script. One town meeting day, Judge Whitman, acting as Moderator, had occasion to read an article of the warrant which he himself, as Chairman of the Selectmen, had drawn. The labyrinth of letters was beyond him. "Here, Oldham!" cried the Judge at last, non-plussed; "do you read this: for upon my word, I can make nothing of it."

The Keen estate Squire Oldham purchased as a homestead for his son John Oldham the Miller, born 1809; who in 1843 married his cousin Adeline, daughter of David Mann and Rebecca Oldham, and took up his residence there. He it was who in youth, with his brother General Oldham, sowed the first seedings of pine cones in the Indian Fields. From this remnant of the Thousand Acres, a clearing which had for untold generations witnessed most of the Massachusetts' half-hearted attempts at agriculture, sprang forthwith the mighty pines whose survivors still make beautiful the eastern shore of Oldham, and whose more or less remote descendants wave and whisper above the ancient planting ground.

He loved well the sights and sounds which surrounded his boyhood—the ceaseless ripple among the reeds of the lake-shore; the reeds themselves, bending and slatting before a south-westerly gale; the crimson sun, setting cloudy behind wooded cape and islands, with maybe a flock or two of black-bonnetted *wampatukh* floating in the quiet water between; the honking of the geese, borne from far down lake on the crisp, chilly air of November nights, stirring the sportsman's pulses and admonishing him of Thanksgiving—all these he knew and loved, and drank in the wild beautiful old Indian legends, their counterpart—notably the ancient tale of Monument Island, of which the hero is yet another Wam-patuck—and the rude old songs, now long forgotten, whose melodies his violin knows but will not reawaken where they

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sleep with the touch of Mr. Oldham's fingers upon the wasted strings. Stories, too, there were of witch and warlock, of Nancy Tamar and Black Pero, the wizard fiddler, his neighbor: these, too, have mostly perished. It must not be thought, however, that Mr. Oldham viewed the Pond solely from an antiquarian or aesthetic standpoint: he was an eager sportsman—who, on one occasion, stuck not at quitting his bed before cockcrow, and for want of time to don a peajacket, stalking a brace of fine geese in his night-gown; when he came to live at the Keen place, he added a Gunnery to the two already named closets existing in that mansion, whereof the larger is still known as the Nunnery, and that which is probably the older, as the Nazarite!

Among scanty fragments preserved from a rich store of Indian tradition, that pertaining to Monument Island in Oldham Pond and the legendary chief of the Massachusetts whose death it commemorates, is perhaps the most unworthy of omission. We have not for it the language of Mr. Oldham, and our loss is ill supplied by a version which—*audax juvena*—I wrote in rhyme from another's telling, and called:

THE LEGEND OF WAMPATUCK

Stranger, markst thou yonder island
By the lake's far western shore?
Famed in ancient Indian legend,
Wouldst thou hear its story o'er?
Dead and gone are they that reared it,
But the tale of their intent
In the mind of man yet lingers—
'Tis an isle of monument.

Though the ancient robe of Nature
Clothes it in spontaneous green,
Human hands its fabric builded
Where the waters erst had been:
In the tribes of Mattakeesett

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Was the legend handed down ;
Still its echoes faintly whisper
O'er their graves so lone and brown.

A council sat beside the lake,
A dark and fearsome band,
Each warrior in his war-paint,
His war-club in his hand ;
And o'er each stern and sullen face
A smile of savage glee
Played, like the lightning's baleful gleam
Upon a stormy sea.

For scarce three suns were past since they
Had left their northland home
About the peaceful villages
Of Wampatuck to roam :
They reached the lake at sunset,
And through the short spring night
Prowled round the silent wigwams
Till broke the morning light ;

All day they hid in thickest shade
Of matted brier and vine ;
In the still midnight creeping forth
Beneath the sheltering pine,
They rushed to their work of slaughter,
And ere the rising sun
Some had they slain, though more were fled,
And captive held they one.

Now at the cool, fresh morning breeze
Did sombre pines with summer's trees
Join in a whispering melody,
The sun shine bright upon the lake,
Among the reeds the ripples break,
The wild birds sing right merrily.

But little recked the Council
If wood and lake were fair,

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For in their hearts were hatred
And anger and despair:
Full in their midst stood Wampatuck;
With stern and fearless eye
He scorned the threatening circle,
Though pain and death were nigh.
He knew the sheltering marshes where
His tribe in safety lay,
He knew the treacherous path that wound
Its black and tortuous way
Within their last retreat—he knew,
But answer made he none;
Then quoth a northland chieftain:
“The death-race he shall run.”
Two lines of stalwart warriors stood
A living arcade from the wood
Down to the open sandy shore;
On their bronzed arms the sunlight glanced,
And on their war-clubs, high advanced
The runner’s toilsome path before.
Proudly he climbed the low green knoll,
And viewed the fading morn
On the blue lake and solemn woods
And fields of waving corn;
Then from his fields he turned him
Unto the deadly race.
And sped between the crashing lines
Of ruthless club and mace.
Twice fifty warriors smote him
Ere through the ranks he won,
Yet, blind and crushed and bleeding,
Natheless he stumbled on:
One sure escape lay open now;
And from the hateful shore
He sprang far in the foaming lake,
And sank—to rise no more.

"The Islands," Oldham Pond,
Pembroke, Mass.

Lewis, Photo.

Monument Island



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The baffled foe departed safe
To their far northern land,
And ere the cornfields waved again,
They mourned the avenger's hand:
But o'er the grave of Wampatuck
His grateful tribe upreared
A rocky cairn, whose summit broad
Above the lake appeared.

Year by year it rose and broadened,
For each passer cast a stone,
And in harvest all the village
To his tribute joined its own;
Till at last, heaped by the waters
With their drift of soil and seeds,
Rose a green and pleasant island
In its belt of sand and reeds.

Stranger, mark thou yonder island
By the lake's far western shore;
Famed in ancient Indian legend,
Thou hast heard its story o'er:
Dead and gone are they that reared it,
But the tale of their intent
In the minds of men yet lingers—
'Tis the Isle of Monument.

John Oldham followed in his father's footsteps, and was a selectman of Pembroke 1866-1869. For many years he ran the grist mill close by the Garrison: and for the rest, cultivated his farm. He died 6 July 1871, aged sixty-two years; his widow, in 1897. The daughters of Mr. Oldham occupy his fine old homestead, and them I have to thank for a great deal of interesting and valuable information about the place.

Far and—I suppose—by this time almost forgotten, are Josiah Keen the Conspirator and his traffickings. To me, he has of late been a figure very often present; since at his

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ancient secretary, according to tradition, most of the work upon these *Landmarks* was done. It was purchased from Capt. Turner by Peter Salmond, and thus descended to my mother. Still on its summit flames the torch of sandalwood, and on the lid an ostrich grasps a writhing serpent in his beak, and in the arch above the bookshelves that angel Gabriel winds his trumpet whom Squire Josiah so resolutely defied. Let us pray the Angel make light of his rough-house; writing large his better character, and the high service which he did the Town.





The Turner Buttonwoods
1765

XI. The Deacon Whitman Homestead.

*Beautiful they were, in sooth,
The old man and the fiery youth!
The Master, in whose busy brain
Many a ship that sailed the main
Was modelled o'er and o'er again;—
The fiery youth, who was to be
The heir of his dexterity.*



JUST over the stream from the Judge Whitman place stands another house long connected in village tradition with the name and family of Whitman. It rises on the brow of a hill commanding the meadow of the Herring Brook; and like its fellow, is shaded by several of the rare buttonwood trees. It is singular that these, the Occidental plane-trees of which on one occasion Whittier told, abounding along our western rivers under the name of cottonwoods, sycamores, or water-beeches, are seldom cultivated in Massachusetts: and still more singular that the finest specimens in town all sheltered Whitman homesteads. The massive trunks that were Judge Whitman's pride are now scarred and broken; those on the Seth Whitman estate still "wag their high tops" against the westerly gales of autumn, and wear lightly their hundred and forty years. Family tradition tells us that they were planted by Joanna, bride of Thomas Turner, on her wedding-day in 1765.

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Ab Jove principium sang the ancient poet. Every institution in Pembroke seems traceable to a Barker. The lands adjoining the middle course of the Herring Brook came into possession of the Barker family about 1650. The earliest recorded owner of this homestead was Samuel—eldest son of Isaac, and grandson of the first Robert, who founded their estate. Samuel Barker married in Sandwich a girl of respectable, though humble, parentage: her social standing, however, was not such as to satisfy the high ideal of the proud old Pembroke patroon; who, after a violent family quarrel, made Pembroke and life there so unpleasant for his brother that he determined to leave this place forever, and remove to his wife's native town of Sandwich.

Such episodes were not of frequent occurrence in colonial New England. Seldom was there found a family so humble or one so wealthy and proud withal that an alliance between them caused serious trouble. It is related that Joanna of the buttonwoods had an uncle Benjamin, who instituted an exception to the rule. His father, Cornelius White of Marshfield, lived at White's Ferry, now called Humarock; and held in that region a large estate, inherited from his grandfather, Lieutenant Peregrine. Young Benjamin, like many another, thought more of good looks than of Pilgrim blood or broad acres; and proceeded to fall heels over head in love with Hannah, daughter of Robert Deerow, the village blacksmith. She is reputed to have been of Indian descent: her grandfather, Valentine Deerow—who appears in Marshfield about 1670—was more probably a Frenchman, and a refugee from the earlier persecutions of King Louis; her grandmother was of the family of Thomas Besbedge, Gentleman. It appears, therefore, that the only true charge against her was that she was poor. The marriage ceremony took place—how clandestinely we are not told. Cornelius, in his anger, forbade his son ever to live in that neighborhood again; and banished him forthwith to Hanover. He cut the young fellow off, however, with a good deal more than the lawful shilling. All that a powerful yoke of oxen could

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haul in the creaking farm cart, was carried away into exile. Up from the broad Marshfield meadows, through the hills that enclose North River on its right, the little household came; crossing that stream by the ancient bridge called Barstow's, and journeying on into Hanover by the rough track now Broadway until they reached the Hatch place in Hammer's Hook, which Cornelius White had purchased as a homestead farm for his son. All this happened in 1743. The Whites prospered in Hanover, and their house became the nucleus of an estate nearly as large as their lost patrimony. It was occupied until about the year 1860 by Albert White, Esquire, a descendant; and with his death passed from the family.

Another of Joanna's uncles was Cornelius, Junior—better known to the gay blades who made Plymouth tavern their rendezvous, as "Corny" White. Him Old Colony tradition holds leader or second in many an escapade. He was one, although not last, of the "also rans" outstripped by General John Winslow's famous ride across Beach Channel. His true claim to notoriety, however, rests upon an adventure all his own. Dining once of an evening at the Bunch of Grapes, with a select company who speedily drained that hostelry's mightiest punchbowl, he discovered that mine host's failure to replenish was due to a shortage of lemons; furthermore, that there was not a lemon to be had this side of Boston. Corny swore that no guest of his should thirst for lack of a lemon: pledging his friends to await his return, he mounted, and rode off at a gallop into the darkness of the northerly road. For those left behind without a lemon, the night—we may be sure—passed slowly enough. Just as day was breaking, Cornelius drew rein before the Bunch of Grapes, a net of the precious fruit hanging at his saddlebow. He had covered since nightfall seventy-five miles. The horse died, but Corny's friends whetted their punch with lemon. Small wonder that when Captain Thomas brought home his Marshfield bride, the eyes of orthodox Pembroke were opened, and Mistress Turner's latest became thenceforth a fruitful topic at her neighbours' supper-tables.

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In 1714 Samuel Barker of Sandwiich, Bricklayer, for £500 conveyed to Ephraim Nichols, Cordwainer, "the one moiety or half part of his messuage, farm, tenement, or tract of land both meadow and upland, situate in Pembroke, including two hundred acres more or less:" by a similar deed of the year preceding, he had conveyed an equal holding to Nathaniel Nichols, uncle of Ephraim. The Nichols family were natives of Hingham; but had now removed to Pembroke, in company with Nathaniel's son-in-law Nehemiah Cushing. For some years they owned in common the dwelling on their estate: Nathaniel held his moiety until his death; but the other half changed hands, with amazing rapidity, among his numerous sons-in-law. In 1722 Ephraim sold to Nathaniel Davis of Taunton, husband of his cousin Rebecca, a half interest in the house, well, cellar, and homestead of half an acre. Two years later, Davis transferred this interest to another son-in-law, Captain Nehemiah Cushing, who lived in the Judge Whitman house. Captain Cushing dealt much in real estate: and in the fall of 1725, sold his moiety—together with four acres east of the highway—to his kinsman Elisha Bisbee; who took up his residence there. Nathaniel Nichols continued to hold the other moiety until, upon his death in 1732, it passed to Sarah his widow: I find no record of its transfer from her to Elisha Bisbee.

Elisha Bisbee, Esquire, was born in Scituate, 28 February 1687, son of Elisha Bisbee, Junior. His early years were spent in Hingham, whither his father had removed after his marriage to Mary Bacon of that town; but he chose to be his home the village where dwelt his second cousin Nehemiah Cushing. His public service in Pembroke was brief, but distinguished; from 1725 until 1737, he held continuously the post of its representative at the General Court, excepting two years filled by Thomas Barker and Isaac Little, Esquires. While holding that office, he was at one time chairman of the House committee on the important subject of the Governor's salary; when, on account of the interference of the King and his ministers in that matter, the Province was

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much agitated: and he was in 1734 one of those detailed to attend the Governor at his interview with the Cagnawaga and other Indian tribes on its western frontier. In 1735 ill health compelled him to decline service on committees; and it was in spite of great physical infirmity that in 1736 he got through the House a grant to the Town of Pembroke of five hundred acres of Province land, "the better to enable them to keep a grammar school therein." This tract lay in the rich Connecticut valley, including the southern portion of the present town of Northfield: it was long improved by the Town under the title of the "School Farm;" and was finally sold, in 1768, at the now ridiculous price of \$2 an acre.

Toward the close of his last spring in Boston, Mr. Bisbee addressed to his wife the following letter, dated 4 June 1736:—

"My Dear:

These with my love come to let you know that I hope in about ten days to see you; God willing. As to my health, I can say but little about it; but am much as I was. When the weather is very hot I lie by, and when the air is thick I dare not go out, but am as careful as I can. I have got on a stomach plaster again; I hope it is of some service. I shall, I think, bring you some flax and cotton wool; but they are very dear. Flax I cannot have under two shillings and five pence, and take a good quantity. As to sheep's wool, don't neglect to go to John Little, Esq., claim his promise, and tell him you must have what you have occasion for, etc. Give my duty to my mother, my love to my children, sister, and all friends; which, in haste, is all at present.

From your loving husband,
Elisha Bisbee."

The General Court, of which Elisha Bisbee had now been for the last time a member, was dissolved 4 February, 1737; and on the thirteenth day of March following, the "Honest Lawyer" passed away, in the fiftieth year of his age. A

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month later his mother was laid beside him, and this inscription placed above her grave:

“HERE LIES THE BODY OF MRS. MARY
BISBEE WIFE TO ELISHA BISBEE OF
HINGHAM GENTL DIED APRIL 16,
1737, IN THE 82D YEAR OF HER AGE.”

By the division of Elisha Bisbee's estate, the homestead passed to the husband of his daughter Sarah—Daniel Lewis, Esquire, only surviving son of the Reverend Daniel Lewis, first pastor of the First Church in Pembroke. The legislative mantle fell on Daniel, Esquire; who was elected representative for 1737 and 1738, and later for 1744 and 1745. He held the office of town treasurer, 1739-1746; and of town clerk from 1741 until his death in 1759. Town meetings were sometimes held at his house; and as clerk for 1741, he had the honor of recording there that famous Resolution on Bills of Credit—in whose close of uncompromising yet dignified protest its faulty economics are, to my mind, much more than retrieved—directing the representative of Pembroke in General Court “at all times firmly to adhere to our Charter Rights and Preveiledges as also to our English Rights Preveiledges and Constitutions any of his Majesty's Royal Instructions to the Contrary Notwithstanding.” The Resolution was a product of the Land Bank controversy, the bearing of which upon Plymouth County has been well shown in a recent article by Mr. W. W. Bryant of Brookline. In his discussion of the Bank, Mr. Bryant remarks how severe was the distress occasioned to this town, as compared with neighboring communities, through its unjust and tyrannous suppression by act of Parliament; eight of the inhabitants—among them so influential a man as Esquire Little—being subscribers. I venture to disagree with his conclusion in thinking that, these circumstances considered, the wise moderation characterizing—so far as we can learn—Pembroke's policy at such a crisis, is more admirable than the independent spirit which she displayed in

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common with her neighbors; and that both together confer upon her then citizens praiseworthy distinction, if not preeminence, among patriots of the earlier colonial days.

Daniel must have been, on all accounts, an interesting character. His father had graduated from Harvard College in the Class of 1707: "Junior" followed in 1734. Until the year 1773, the members of each class were enrolled on the college register in an order established during freshman year, and based solely upon the respective social rank of their parents. The Class of 1734 numbered twenty-seven men; in the list of that class, the name of Daniel Lewis stands seventh. Whether he lived up to the traditions of the Four Hundred and the equally proverbial Minister's Son, is not revealed. In later life, he was reputed somewhat of a spendthrift; it was perhaps with the purpose of replenishing his coffers that in 1754 he sold for £100 to Jeremiah Hall of Pembroke, Physician, his dwelling with its lot of half an acre, and four acres beyond the highway, where a barn had by this time been built. From Nehemiah Cushing Dr. Hall purchased a garden next his homestead on the east.

Not himself a native of the Old Colony, he had resided in Hanover since his marriage to Miss Elizabeth Bailey of that town in 1748; and now took up his residence in Pembroke. It was from this house that he went forth to the Old French War, in which he served as a surgeon. In later years, he became a member of the Provincial Congress; and an officer, with the rank of lieutenant colonel, in the Revolution: his son Jeremiah, a boy of seventeen, died at the siege of Boston "in the Service of his Country, Opposeing the Tyranny of Britain and Britain's Tyrant." Toward the end of his life, he was for a while town clerk and treasurer, and representative at the General Court. Long before this, however, he had in 1761 for £258 disposed of his homestead; and soon removed to a house in North Pembroke, now the home of Hon. Francis P. Arnold.

The new owner was Thomas Turner, Senior, of Pembroke, styled Gentleman. He was a rich shipbuilder, residing in a

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many-windowed mansion near North River, just east of the bridge; whither he had removed from Scituate, in 1737, to establish a shipyard—still traceable in the point of land making out upon the Pembroke shore two hundred yards or more below the present arch. From the River his estate spread inland, supported by the proceeds of the yard, until he was master of some four hundred acres of farm and forest in what is now northern Pembroke. He married Mary Bryant, eldest daughter of Thomas, Esquire, of Scituate. Of their eight children, Mary married Capt. Seth Hatch of Pembroke; Lucy, Nathaniel Cushing, Esq., of the West Parish; and Mercy, her cousin Philip Turner of Scituate—"King Philip" of the broad acres and the many wives—from whom she was divorced, by an order of the General Court, in 1780. Thomas Turner was, for some years, selectman of Pembroke; and a captain of its militia before, and perhaps during, the Revolution. He was a friend and business associate of John Hancock: a biography of that gentleman preserves notice of his correspondence with the Captain and Mrs. Turner; but I have not seen the letters. The Turner mansion descended to the second son, Colonel George; is now the residence of Major Trafton; and still contains a secret chamber—built, doubtless, for the accommodation of Captain Thomas's Tory friends.

The Whitman homestead was transferred in 1763 to Thomas Turner, Junior, styled Shipwright; who proceeded to annex several acres on the south owned by Capt. Cushing, and came to live there about 1765. In that year, he was married—by General John Winslow of Acadian fame—to Joanna, eldest daughter of Captain Nathaniel Phillips of Marshfield. Of their three children, Charles and Joanna were born before, and Thomas after, the Revolution. That contest brought troublous times to the Turner household. Although his daughter proved a good patriot, Captain Phillips himself remained a stout old royalist undaunted by the threats and insults of his neighbors: he it was who, on one occasion, was sought after by the Sons of Liberty with a coat



*The King's Highway: Washington St., North Pembroke
and the Later Home of Dr. Jeremiah Hall*

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of tar, and escaped only by having himself ferried over the North River under cloud of night into Scituate. During the earlier years of the war, Thomas Turner, when in Pembroke, acted on the Committee of Correspondence: but from 1775 until 1779, was a captain in the militia or in the Continental Army, and therefore seldom at home; serving at the siege of Boston, and in the midland campaigns.

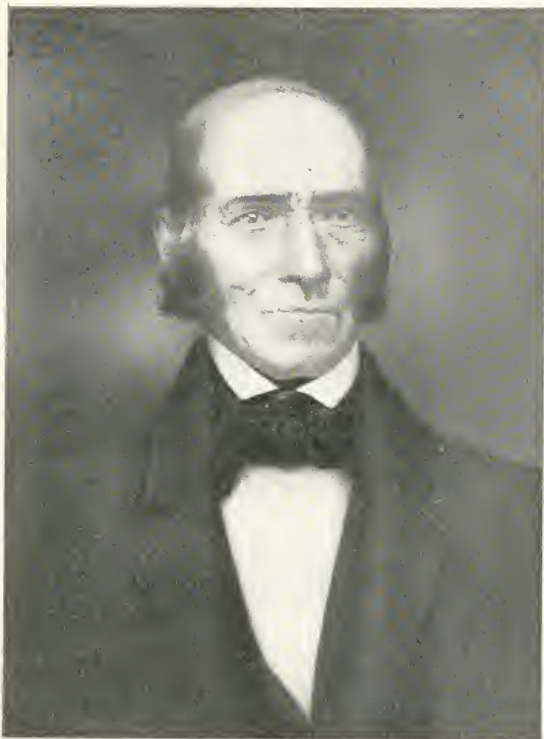
After the storms of war were past, Captain Turner's public services—like those of many another—were devoted chiefly to furtherance of the herring monopoly: in private life, he won considerable fame as a royal entertainer. The income from his shipyard, and from his landed estate of several hundred acres, supplied ample wherewithal; and he understood the noble art of wining and dining as well as another. Neighborhood tradition relates that he numbered among his guests the Governor himself—John Hancock, his junior by two years: his acquaintance with whom—begun, doubtless, through Hancock's relations with his father—the fortunes of war, in occasional meetings between the younger men, may have continued. His house—which, like most others in those days, fronted south—was of a peculiar construction, and afforded in the broad hall extending along its whole western side, a space well suited for the dancing parties which it was his pleasure to give. Diamond-paned windows opened upon a prospect of upland pasture and meadow; at the back, a winding staircase ascended, which bore on its first landing the Turner clock, brought overseas out of England; and opposite the windows glowed the huge open fireplace, where Thomas was wont to busy himself in concocting divers beverages dear to his genial heart. His daughter, Joanna, played the violin—an accomplishment rarer among ladies then than now: and if the village gallants insisted on proposing her health until even the good Captain himself, who was no three-bottle man, grew a little merry; I do not find it in my heart to blame them. Her portrait, in riding habit and beaver, painted by Dr. Hathaway of Duxbury, is yet in existence; and shows across the features a curious scar. This

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was the work of an Irish servant of Joanna, then Mrs. Whitman; who, in some fit of anger, recklessly flung a carving knife at her mistress' effigy.

Charles, the elder son, graduated at Harvard in the Class of 1788, and studied medicine with Dr. Hall. After his marriage in 1789 to Ruth, daughter of Captain Ichabod Thomas, he lived in the old Robert Barker place, where the house of Nathaniel Groce now stands. His career was cut short by an untimely death 9 August, 1804: while riding home through the warm, dark summer night, in an intoxicated condition, he was dashed by his horse against a low-hanging limb, and instantly killed. His house became known to fame as the Morse Tavern—kept by Jabez Morse, who married his widow. Mr. Morse was a man of some education, but so crabbed and difficult to get along with that the stories of him are legion. It is related that he once awakened his wife at midnight on Thanksgiving eve, and the following colloquy resulted: "What pies have you made for Thanksgiving, Mrs. Morse?"—"Mince, custard, and pumpkin pies, Mr. Morse."—"What! no apple pies, Mrs. Morse?"—"None, Mr. Morse."—"Out with ye, then, Mrs. Morse! How in *hell* do you suppose I am going to eat my Thanksgiving dinner without an apple pie?" When mine host finally hanged himself in the barn, well might Capt. Silas Morton refuse to cut him down in the absence of a magistrate, and Horace Collamore, Esquire, when summoned, insist upon reading aloud the statutes, and sourly remark that he had lived between two nuisances all his life: Jabez Morse had hung himself; and the schoolhouse, too, he was in hopes shortly to get rid of.

Thomas, the younger son, had in youth distinguished himself by emulating General Winslow's exploit, and swimming his horse from Duxbury Beach to Powder Point, in order to distance his companions. This was on the eve of one of Captain Thomas's dancing frolics. Later in life, he settled down to shipbuilding, and married Deborah, daughter of Hon. David Stockbridge and Ruth Cushing of Hanover.



Deacon Seth Whitman
1782 - 1859

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Meanwhile, his grandfather—the elder Captain Thomas—had died at a good old age, in 1795; and his father removed to the house by the river. Their former home was, for some years, occupied by Captain Samuel Webb; who removed about 1810, and built the house now owned by Mr. Charles Dyer. Thomas Turner died in 1808—hastened to his grave, no doubt, by the disastrous Embargo—and left it to his daughter Joanna: whose husband, Seth Whitman—in company with her brother, under the firm name of Turner and Whitman—kept a general store in the house now occupied by Dr. MacMillan; residing in the Bigelow house built by Benjamin Whitman. The firm failed, sharing the general ruin brought upon New England's commerce by the Embargo; and they removed in 1812 to the homestead in Pembroke, which thenceforth may properly be called a Whitman place.

It was ever the Turner habit to turn our family chronicles in rhyme. The exploit of the third Thomas forms no exception. Having occasioned in its day a deal of comment, it is set down for future generations' perusal in a narrative which fills several sheets with closely written verses, and bears title:

THE BALLAD OF TURNER'S RIDE

Loud boomed the surge on Gurnet strand,
Loud shrill'd the night-wind cold;
It moaned along the darkling strand
And round the tavern old.

Gray skies above, gray earth beneath,
Gray ocean circling round,
The graybeard host before his door
Stood in the firelight crowned.

With hand on brow he scans the sky,
What night its signs forebode;
When forth into the deepening gloom
A belted horseman strode.

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A flush was on his shaded brow,
A glint in his bold black e'e;
He swept at a glance the twilight shore,
And called right heartily:

"Ho, goodman! for the night is come,
The sun has left the eastern sea—
Then where my steed and saddle gear,
And where my comrades three?

"For we must ride, ere night shall fall,
Long way to Pembroke town,
With many a quip its wine to sip
And steaming bowl to crown."

Mine ancient host loud laughed and long,
And then he spake full plain:
"On Gurnet strand seek not the lads,
For ye will seek in vain.

"Northward, where slow the sea-fogs steal
O'er Marshfield meadows wide,
Free hand on rein, quick spur on heel,
Full merrily they ride.

"And they have sworn a merry oath
That whoso last comes ben,
Such laggard shall the wassail brew
For other swifter men.

"Then speed ye blithely toward the town,
And spare nor spur nor rein—
Though, less some quicker road ye ride,
Sure will ye ride in vain!"

Deepens the flush on Turner's brow,
And brighter gleams his eye,
And "Sith naught else remains," quoth he,
"Such road my steed shall try!

"Straight lies the way to Pembroke town,
Untrodden and untried—

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Where mortal steed ne'er passed, this night
The King and I must ride!

"A champaign broad the harbor lies,
The goal full sightly gleams;
Yon glittering path our highway marks
Where fall the late moonbeams."

He spoke, and round th' impatient steed
Drew fast the leathern band;
Looked well to bridle, girth, and curb,
With firm and gentle hand:

Then fondled he that haughty head,
And strok'd the tossing mane—
When aged hands the bridle seized,
And stayed the parting rein.

"Oh, think not, on such errand bent,
To leave the firm seashore,
And launch amid the weltering wave
While dark the night doth lower!

Full darkly doth the night-rack lower,
And chill the mist sweep by;
On windstrown beach and foamy reach
The Stormwraith hovers nigh!

"Southward no more in clanging throng
The wild-goose wings her way;
In snowy drifts against the cliffs
High leaps the wind-swept spray;

"Her foamy nest the seagull leaves,
And inland speeds on fleeting wing—
Then shelter thou 'neath kindly roof
Till dawn the light shall bring.

"Let other hands in Pembroke town
The wassail brew at eventide:

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And bide thou here till break of morn
Upon the lone sea-side!

“Or if ye will not, northward far,
Where bow yon hills to meet the bay,
And over the marshland sweep the winds
That are wet with the salty spray—

“And they moan among the sedges
While dark the night shuts down,
And pour their curtains of fog and mist
O’er the hills and roof-trees brown—

“There aye her swift wheel turning,
Thy mother sits, and spins,
And waits thee long, till in the east
The morrow morn begins.”

Nor more he spoke: or, if he spake,
Naught else did Turner hear;
Gave never a word, and sprung to horse,
And swept the bridle clear.

The aged hands were brushed aside,
He shook the hanging rein—
On Gurnet strand no more that night
Might he set foot again.

Mine ancient host looks after him,
To follow him were fain:
“No more on Gurnet strand, I ween,
Shall he set foot again.”

They two along the shelving sands
’Mid gathering darkness fled:
He watched them—half in eagerness;
He watched them half in dread.

They reach’d the point, they reach’d the strand,
Stood fast upon the shore;
And then they paused a little space,
And scanned the crossing o’er.

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The moon was sunk; the hanging tide
Hovered 'twixt ebb and flow;
The long swells rose upon the beach
With plashing soft and low.

The plunge is ta'en! the gallant steed
Full bravely stems the tide;
The quick foam curls against his breast,
And flecks his heaving side.

Oh, strong the surges rose beneath
And smote on them amain!
And thrice they falter from the course,
And thrice the course regain.

For nearer still, and still more near,
Across the heaving flood,
Rise up the white bluffs of the shore—
The blackness of the wood;

And nearer still, 'mid fogsmoke white,
The dark pines loom before:
Till through the yearning breakers safe
They win the firm seashore.

Then down to earth leaped Turner,
And clasp'd his quivering steed,
And blest the spirit that faileth not
In the hour of his master's need.

Meanwhile, along the northern road,
By the shore of the northern sea,
Through the chill dusk of the autumn wood
Sped fast the gallants three.

O'er hill and dale and fog-brimm'd vale
And meadows deep in dew,
With many a shout and sportive jest
Spurr'd sharp the merry crew.

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Ever and anon, on some bold hill,
With bated breath they stand,
To hear the ring of steel on the bridge
Or the thud of hoofs on the hard sea-sand:

They heard the boom of the ocean surf,
And the shrill of frogs in the marshes wide;
And a vague unrest pluck'd at their hearts,
And quickened their horses' stride.

Slow lags the pace, when at the last
Through the ancient streets they wind;
What skills it, sooth, to lead the race
When the goal lies many a mile behind?

The light streams forth from the mansion door—
What may this bustle and din betide?
The feast is set, the tankards wet,
And Turner nods by the warm fireside!

"Now bring to me a pint of wine!"—
They pledged him deep and strong;
Whilst brimming cups and merry jest
The genial night prolong.

And still, through many a fleeting year,
In the olden towns by the northern sea,
When rings the roar of the Gurnet surf
And winter winds sweep o'er the lea,

And the lads and lasses throng at dusk
Where old wives knit by the red fireside,
With many a murmur of fond regret,
They tell the story of Turner's ride.

Seth Whitman was the son of Seth Whitman and Eunice Bass of Bridgewater. His father died at twenty-nine years: and his mother married Peter Salmond of Pembroke. Their son Peter used to query, "My father was a Salmon and my mother was a Bass, now what kind of fish am I?" He and

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Seth grew up on the banks of the Herring Brook; pelting the Indians with rotten apples, and enjoying to the full its other diversions as in these pages related. Seth was educated in Boston, and became a skilled accountant. He was town clerk, 1820-1841; treasurer, 1824-1832; representative at General Court in 1837; and deacon of the First Church from 1819 until his death in 1859. This was hastened by his attendance at the March Town meeting for that year, whence he returned a broken man. He was succeeded as deacon by his son Seth; whose decease, occurring in 1891, concluded a seventy-two years' tenure of that office among the Whitmans. Their homestead passed to the youngest son, Thomas Turner.

Meanwhile, in 1837, the old house was taken down, and the present built upon its site. The ancient ell next the street remained unchanged, except in position; and in its easterly room Deacon Seth kept the Postoffice. In the construction of his new dwelling parts of the second meeting house were used, and until recently could be seen in its kitchen fine panel work from the Turner pew. The old fashion of setting house and barn a half mile distant from each other, was fast becoming obsolete; and accordingly, about 1850, the latter structure was moved across the road. Thomas Turner Whitman was a carpenter by trade; and is responsible for the building of this house, as for that of many another in town. "He made good houses," an old friend of his once said to me. He became "Uncle Tom" to this Northern village: and it was a name used lovingly by all his acquaintance. His first wife was Rebecca, daughter of Elisha Barker; his second, Jane Thomas, daughter of Eden Sprague Sampson of Duxbury. Of his children, John Turner removed to Winthrop: Alice married in 1885 Edwin P. Litchfield, a native of Hanover; who, upon Mr. Whitman's death in 1890, succeeded to the estate, and was a selectman of Pembroke for some years. Mrs. Whitman dwelt on the homestead until her death, which occurred 12 November, 1906; with her, the once common name of Whitman became in Pembroke a memory and no more.

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She was my grandmother; and had her hand but written what her lips told, this *Landmark*--like many of the others--would rightly have borne her name. Her stories of Pembroke and her native town of Duxbury were inexhaustible; it has seemed to me that few could tell stories so well as she—I think the secret is that she enjoyed them as much as we did. When I began these papers she was still living. How often since her death have I found a blank in their annals, and started to go to her room in the east corner: believing that I must find her there ready, as ever of old, to sit down in her rocking-chair by the window, and tell me strange tales of the Deacon and Uncle Peter and Grandmother Turner; while buttonwood leaves rustled in the yard without, and the autumn wind sighed through Cap'n Tom's old orchard of high-top sweetings beyond the road.



The Common at Pembroke

XII. The Common.

*The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree;
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.*



IN these days of small flocks and ample pasturage, we can hardly realize the great benefit derived by our ancestors from the existence in their neighborhood of a common, or public grazing-ground for sheep and neat cattle. To the eye of an early settler, his field of natural grass was a possession more valuable than gold or precious stones. It was the presence of such cleared land at Plymouth that first attracted the Pilgrim Fathers, and proved their salvation in the midst of a still unreclaimed wilderness. In regions where nature or the Indians had not done his work for him, the colonist turned every rod of ground he could clear, every rich swale or bit of meadow, to the raising of corn, or the production of hay for winter use: from early summer till late autumn, his cattle must run at large, and forage for themselves. Accordingly, a tract of pasturage as sparse as must have been that afforded by the poor soil and scanty moisture of Pembroke Centre, was still a welcome addition to the resources of neighboring farmers, and by them was early appropriated to public use.

Their informal action was later confirmed by the legal owners. A large part of the territory now included within the limits of this town remained, till the middle of the eighteenth century, under control of certain proprietors styled

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Proprietors of the Common or Proprietors' Lands of Duxbury and Pembroke. On their record appears the following vote, passed one year after the incorporation of Pembroke: "At a meeting of the Proprietors of the Common lands belonging to the towns of Duxborough and Pembroke, upon the 22d day of May, Anno Domini 1713 the said Proprietors voted . . . that their surveyor should lay out to Thomas Prince at the head of his lot, about two or three acres of land, provided he will grant as much of his land to the town of Duxbury, adjacent to the meeting house, to be a perpetual Common for a training field, etc. The said proprietors also voted as much to be Common near the meeting house in Pembroke, and that their surveyor should agree with said Prince about the premises." The language of this entry seems to show that the two or three acres specified, although not expressly alienated by the appropriation, were thenceforth to be improved under direction of the town of Pembroke.

Such was the construction placed upon this vote by the Town authorities. On 20th October, 1712, the Town had granted liberty to all persons belonging to Pembroke to build stables on the Common. It now proceeded to regulate the conditions under which citizens might avail themselves of the Proprietors' grant. Cattle, swine, sheep, and horses were allowed to run at large on the Common: the swine to be "Ringd and Yoakd according to the Province Law;" and the ears of all creatures to be slit in a pattern forming the owner's private device, or ear-mark. Valiant indeed must have been the housewife of those days who would venture a sally through the grunting, lowing, and bleating droves, to make her morning call at neighbor Pearce's or Cushing's beyond the Common.

The bounds and extent of the lands originally granted it is hard, and perhaps impossible, to determine. Probably they comprised the space between the present sheds and a point near the southern gate of the cemetery; and between the line wall adjacent to the Town House, and the hillcrest where



Indian Bridge

THE COMMON

the old burying ground comes to an end. The adjoining proprietors were: on the north, Daniel Lewis; on the east, Isaac Barker; on the south, Abraham Pearce, Junior; and on the west, doubtless some member of the Bonney family.

Naturally the Common became also a corners, or point of junction for neighboring highways. We can trace the origin of roads and lanes now intersecting it, in the bee-lines struck by early wayfarers who held convenience their first rule of the road. Centre Street marks the direct course followed by travellers from North Pembroke bound for the Pearce homestead: the track leading from the neighborhood of the pound toward the church, is probably the earliest road. Curve Street perpetuates in our day the reverent care with which its eighteenth century authors circled about the burying ground. Oldham Street is again a direct line for North Pembrokites going westward; and the track near the Soldiers' Monument, now seemingly its continuation to the Town Hall, was first a short cut taken by the Bonney and Josselyn youngsters on their way to the town's first schoolhouse.

From the Common a road led westward to the Bonney homestead; and farther on, to the extensive Thomas estate in Tunk: another ran southerly, with a sharp turn at the house of Abraham Pearce, to Indian Bridge between Monument and Furnace Ponds. Access to the area at its northeastern corner seems to have been long a vexed question. Centre Street was closed against the herds that ranged the Common, by a ponderous pair of bars; and to judge from the records, other obstructions made the path of the faithful bound for meeting a very *Via Dolorosa*. The new town finally settled the matter by laying out a public highway there, and instructing Isaac Barker, through whose land it passed, to "keep sd way Clear." Our first notice of Little's Avenue—formerly known as Cushing Court—occurs in 1715: when the Town voted to quitclaim the land between the homestead of Daniel Lewis, now the corner of the Avenue and Oldham Street, and the land of Isaac Barker, now occupied by the house of Mr. Isaac N. Foster; "excepting a right to pass the

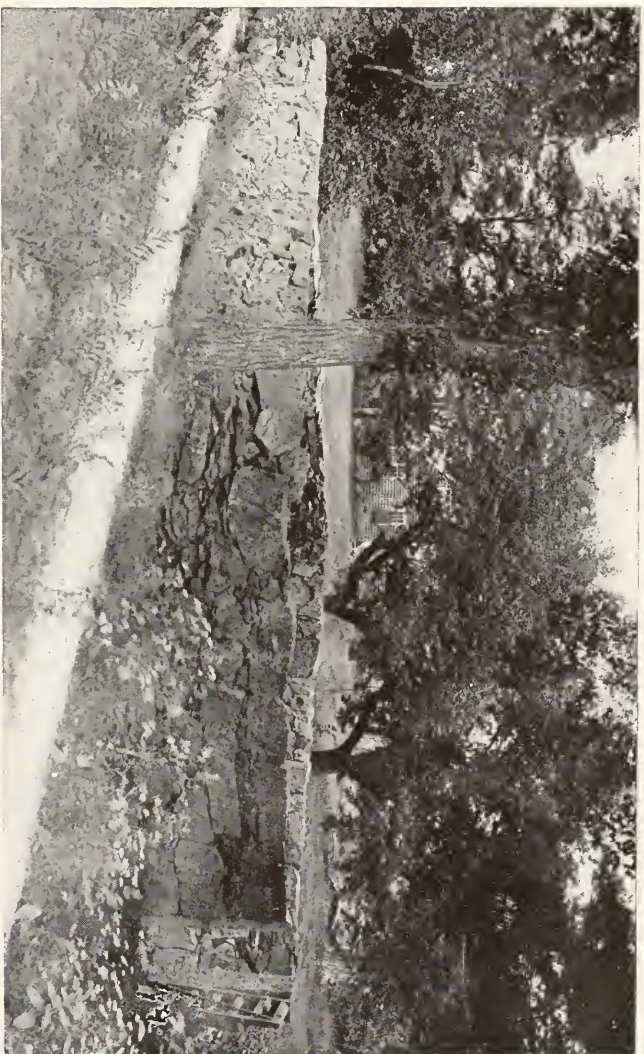
ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF PEMBROKE

fence by a footpath over stiles." Thus was secured a public right of way from the Meeting House to the homestead of Joshua Cushing, Esq., later owned by Hon. Isaac Little.

Before 1712 a meeting-house had been erected on the Common, and probably occupied the site of the present building. In January of 1716, the Town voted "that scoll be kept half a year annually in ye midle of sd town by ye meeting house Annually in ye scoolhouse." This building may have stood on the plot where the Town Hall now is. The first master was Thomas Parris. As early as 1715, land adjoining to the meeting-house on the south was used as a burying ground; but long remained undistinguished from the neighboring Common proper. In 1730 the Town received, by exchange with Abraham Pearce, a lot of land which first became part of the Common; later, most of it was included in the cemetery.

Perhaps the first structure to occupy the original Common, after the Meeting House, was a wooden pound, of undetermined location, built for the detention of strays and other disturbers of the bovine peace. A pound of later date was moved in 1820 as far south as would bring it into line with the lands of Charles Jones and Nathaniel Smith. On its site was built, in the summer of 1824, the present incumbent; which was to be "of the same size as the old one in the Clear." Of late years, the Pound and the offices connected with its administration have not been taken too seriously: choice for the Board of Field-drivers is held equivalent to a publication of banns; and superintendence of the Pound has been a sinecure since the election of Almira Bonney to that office in 1869.

The title to the Common seems to have been early disputed. In 1720 a committee of three was chosen "to inspect ye high wayes and common Lands whether perticular person hath made any Ineroachments." Apparently, the bounds and application of the grant of 1713 continued in dispute; for it is further defined and confirmed by a later Proprietors' grant bearing date 1747: "At a meeting of the proprietors of the



The Old Stone Pound

1824

THE COMMON

common lands in the Second division of the Commons which belonged to the towns of Duxborough and Pembroke held in Duxborough upon the 28th day of September Anno Domini 1747 the said proprietors chose Major Gamaliel Bradford Moderator and then Voted . . . that the commons or proprietors' lands adjoining to the Meeting house in the Easterly part of the town of Pembroke lying between the land of Mr. Daniel Lewis, Isaac Tubbs, Isaac Crooker and Thomas Burton which has for many years past been improved, to set a Meeting house on, Burying place, Training field, high ways, and setting a pound on, shall lay, remain, and be for the uses afore said, forever and that what pieces of Commons lands of said town of Pembroke have exchanged, to accommodate and lay the same regular, be and hereby is ratified and confirmed." It will be noticed that neither of the grants quoted names a grantee or delegates control of the premises granted. The Proprietors of 1713 undoubtedly intended that the Town of Pembroke should administer the Common. But in the course of a century after their action, there occurred a chain of events which they could not possibly have foreseen.

Until 1745, the Town in Town meeting had provided for the management of the Meeting House, and for the support of a minister. With the establishment of a west parish or precinct in 1746, local government underwent a marked change. Certain rights and charges which had before applied to the Town as a single parish, henceforth concerned its eastern half only. In that year the First Precinct was separately organized, with a committee, precinct meeting, and headquarters in the East Meeting House. To this precinct, consisting of the inhabitants resident within its territorial limits, were transferred the duty of electing and supporting a minister; the control of Meeting House, Burying Ground, and a large part of the Common; and the right of levying taxes to defray necessary precinct charges. Parallel with the East existed the West Precinct, having its own minister, meeting-house, and burying ground, and levying

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its own precinct charges. When the citizens of both precincts met, in a town meeting, for action on matters of common interest; by the courtesy of either precinct in turn, they met in its meeting-house.

By the incorporation of Hanson in 1820, Precinct and Town became in area once more identical. But the Precinct—of which all its inhabitants were, in theory, members; and as such, liable to taxation for its benefit—was, with the growth of rival churches in town, fast coming to include only those who chose to attend the First Church. All members of other religious societies were, in fact, exempt from taxation for its support. One after another, various rights and charges in which the town as a whole was interested—such as the ownership of the hearse, and the duty of fencing the cemetery—were transferred from Precinct to Town: and in 1833 the Town was charged rent for use of the Meeting House. That year the Church was disestablished, and lost its right to support by public taxation. Then, if ever, was the time for a final adjustment between church and state. The Precinct—or Parish, as it soon came to be called—which had lost all reason for existing, might well have been abolished; and its kingdom divided between the Church proper and the Town. No such adjustment was ever made and recorded. Instead, matters continued much as before. The Town took what the Parish chose to give it: the Church remained an organization for spiritual purposes only, under control of its minister and deacons; while the Parish retained the entire management of its temporal affairs, even to the election of its minister.

So the territorial parish became a religious society: deprived, indeed, of its right to support by public taxation; but holding all property, real or personal, not expressly alienated to the Town. No transfer of any part of the Common, except the Burying Ground, appears on either Town or Parish records. Accordingly, whatever title to its ownership the Parish had previously acquired, suffered no pre-judice by the Eleventh Amendment.

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Our only positive evidence concerning the disposition of the Common in 1746, and its subsequent management until 1783, is the state of affairs revealed by the Parish records for 1783 and later years. In these, the earliest documents available, we find that on 24 March 1783 the Precinct voted that "the Committee procure Twenty Locas Trees and as they shall think proper plant them round the Meeting House at the Cost of said Precinct." From these twenty trees came doubtless the myriad of honey-locusts which now beset the lanes and fields of Pembroke Centre, perfuming all the air, and making "improvement of the Common" a motion unwelcome—one would think—to either Parish or Town. Soon after 1800, the Precinct appointed a committee of three "to ascertain the bounds of the Common:" these gentlemen executed, partially at least, the duty assigned them; obtaining from Isaac Magoun a formal cession to the Precinct of land now the western border of the cemetery, but leaving on record no further statement of their work. Having completed its investigation, the Parish granted all persons "liberty to build sheds on the Common where they should be least prejudicial to the same," and detailed a committee to fix the locations. During this period, it frequently rented both Common and Burying Ground: on 30 March 1807, the Precinct voted "to hire out that part of the common land belonging to the Precinct, Southward of the burying ground now fenced, to the highest bidder, for five years . . . said land to begin at the end of the fence at the southeast corner of the Burying Ground to a stake standing on the high ground, then to a stake standing twenty feet east of a certain white rock." This tract continued to be rented until the year 1833; when it became, perhaps, a part of the cemetery. In 1808 the Parish voted that Charles Jones might improve the yard near the Pound the insuing year for nothing. On 1 April 1820 it voted "that Mr. Allen should set out trees on the common land where he pleases." In January of 1837, it granted to certain proprietors liberty to erect a new meeting-house on or near the site of the old, with all necessary rights and

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privileges: these proprietors in 1856 surrendered to the Parish all their right, title, and interest in the Meeting House and lot. In 1838 the Parish chose a committee "to invite hands and superintend the leviling of the Common around the Meeting House." In 1842 it voted "that the Parish Committee have care of the Parish land and superintend the setting out of trees around the Meeting House." In 1847 the Committee were again given charge of the Parish land, and instructed "to sell gravel if they see fit." On the fifth of January in the year 1880, it was voted "that the Parish do give their consent to the Monument Association to place a Monument on the Common." On 4 May 1890, the Parish voted "that the Grand Army have the right to improve the grounds around the monument;" and on 8 May 1892, "that the improvement of the grounds in front of the Church be left to the Parish Committee." So much is positive; negative evidence of weight is afforded by the complete silence of our town record, from 1746 until 1905, as to the management of the Common.

What was the common land mentioned in the Parish votes of 1820 and later years? It certainly did not include the whole of the original Proprietors' appropriation. By 1807, the Burying Ground was fenced; and in 1833 expressly re-tored to the Town, which since that year has had full control of it. The land south of the Burying Ground—probably a part of the lot which the Town acquired by exchange with Abraham Pearce—was, from 1807 till 1833, included in the common land; I have found no record of its final disposition. The public highways now Curve, Oldham, and Centre Streets, had been early laid out; and were, undoubtedly, under the direction of Town surveyors. Although the Town built and managed the Pound, the Parish seems to have controlled the yard near it; which, perhaps, included the site of the Ladies' House. But it is probable that, by 1837, the Parish had undisputed possession and management of no more land than is included within the three highways just named.

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In that year a new feature was added to the Common. The ancient schoolhouse, which must have stood as much in the road as anywhere, was removed to the hollow by the south gate of the cemetery; and on its former site was erected in the summer of 1837, with funds appropriated from the Surplus Revenue, a new town hall. Next May the Town voted "to allow Morrill Allen \$3 for ten years' use of the land on which the Town House stands belonging to Gideon Thomas White." In 1858 it chose a committee "to Bargain with Asaph Bosworth for the site on which the Town House now stands." The Hall was, in its original form, a miniature House of Commons, with rows of seats ascending on either hand, and a high, balustered rostrum at the back: it was remodelled, by votaries of Terpsichore, about the year 1875. Not long after its first completion, the Selectmen submitted the following report: "On 28 April 1845 it was voted that the Selectmen cause the Town House to be painted: by the above vote the Selectmen were required by their Pharaoh-like masters not to make bricks without straw, but a service the performance of which to most minds would seem equally impracticable—to cause the Town House to be painted without materials or the appropriation of funds for the purpose. It has been done however. . . ."

One important step in the improvement of the Common has been omitted. About the year 1860, Rev. William Bicknell, minister of the First Parish, planted within its limits a score or two of sturdy pine saplings. No action in this matter is recorded on the part of either Parish or Town. It would seem that Mr. Bicknell proceeded as a volunteer, by sufferance of the legal owner. His efforts have proved fruitful of good—if in no other respect—in that they have recently led to careful researches concerning the title to the Common, and the acquisition of valuable data bearing upon that point.

So much might suffice. But our harvest from the good Minister's planting is not of legal chaff only. The authors of these researches have, incidentally, given us wherewithal

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to paint, if we will, a changing landscape whose first panel shall obscurely show the lonesome upland pasture among the savins; whose last, the Common of our own remembrance, devoted to uses the highest and holiest, and shadowed over by its whispering pines. Let us spread their colours to our purpose, while concerning the vexed question of title
causidici certant, et adhuc sub judice lis est.



The Burying Ground at Pembroke

XIII. The Burying Ground.

*They point to the graveyard close by the way,
And they tell me he's been there for many a day;
That the manly heart and the blushing maid
Have been long in that quiet graveyard laid.*



IT was a feeling prevalent among our ancestors, partly inborn and partly derived from much reading of their Bibles, that a high place was likewise holy. Through all the country of New England, when a new village had grown large enough to become independent of its neighbours, the loftiest point of land within its borders was sought out as a site for church and cemetery. So it was in Pembroke. The first settlers had been laid to rest either in the great cemetery at Duxbury or in private lots upon their own estates. About the time of the Town's incorporation, a meeting-house was erected on Highgary, the hill of Pembroke Centre; and the land for some distance around became the Common: of this, the part nearest the church on the south was taken for a burying ground.

How early the first grave was made in this plot, we have no means of knowing; many of the first stones have perished, and no doubt there were unmarked graves even earlier than these. The oldest date to be found among the inscriptions now extant, is that of the death of a child of Isaac Thomas, 28 August 1715: but as the mother's death also appears on the stone, with date 1723, it seems reasonable to suppose that this stone, though it represents the earliest known interment, is not the oldest monument, in the yard; and is of later date

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than another which stands hard by—that of William Tubbs, who died 15 August 1718. He was a town charge, though not a pauper; his property having been released to the Town in return for his support.

There remain but few stones of date earlier than 1740, and these are all in the northeastern corner nearest the church. About the year 1730, the Town bought from Abraham Pearce, Junior, a lot of several acres; which, along with a part of the Common, went to make up the present cemetery. From the original God's Acre, the ranks of stones advanced southward and westward, down the slope toward the present Grand Army Hall, and out on the hill-crest as far as the graves of the Tracies and Salmonds. During the last years of the eighteenth century, a new departure was taken; and they crossed to the hill lying beyond the glen westward, where much of the modern cemetery is situated. Before 1800 most graves were made with foot to the east, and head to the west; with the purpose that, when on the Day of Judgment the dread trump should sound from the East, the whole company of the dead might rise from their long sleep marshalled in order due, and facing their great Lieutenant.

For more than a century after its establishment, the cemetery was controlled by the First Parish or Precinct of Pembroke. In the year 1807, we find the yard enclosed by a rickety wooden fence; which seems to have required annual reinforcement against the attacks of wind, weather, and predatory cattle. In 1814 the Parish voted to procure a padlock for the gate near the Meeting House, and in 1815, "to build a pair of stairs over the board fence near the Meeting House so that the people may get over with more ease." Fence and stile, in 1819, made way for a stone wall, capped with timber; which extended along the northern and eastern borders, and was doubtless continued on the south and west by a wall of ruder construction. In 1820 the shrewd parishioners instructed their Committee to employ some person to cap with timber the wall round the Burying Ground: "who shall receive, in compensation therefor, the rent for one year

THE BURYING GROUND

of said Burying Ground." Until 1824, it was their general practice to "wrent for keeping of sheep only" the cemetery, in consideration of an annual payment of three dollars more or less. In that year, and regularly thereafter, they refused to "wrent;" and Deacon White was instructed to prevent trespassers.

A notice of burial equipments occurs in 1811, when the Precinct voted "to accept the Herse and House as Parish property and raise \$15 for a Paul: the Key to be left with Mr. Allen and the Herse not to go out of the Parish except by order of the Committee." In 1820 the Town was given liberty to build a place for the Town stock of powder in the hearse-house, "provided the Town demnify the Parish for any damage occurring thereby." It would seem that the Parish found charge of these matters an unwelcome burden; for in 1830, with generosity more apparent than real, it passed this remarkable resolution—which, like the proverbial scorpion, bore menace in its tail: "Voted to transfer the Herse and Herse House owned by the first Precinct in Pembroke to the Town of Pembroke, the same to be kept in good and sufficient repair by said Town forever."

Strange to say, the donation was unconditionally accepted. Encouraged by so favorable a reception of its advances, the Parish decided to try again; and on the sixth of April in 1833, voted "to see if the Town will pay to fence the Burying Ground as a common Burying Ground belonging to said Town." In response to this appeal, the Town voted just one month later "to repair and in future pay the expense of keeping in repair the fence inclosing the Cemetery near the Congregational Meeting House."

The Cemetery was little benefited by this change of masters. For nearly twenty years, the same method of management continued in vogue: half-hearted repairs were made on the enclosing fence; parts of the yard became choked with briars and bushes; and so little reverence was done the spot that it became a public pleasure-ground, and the young men played ball there on Town Meeting Day. In 1851 a

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better state of things was inaugurated. The Town voted in September to buy land west and south of the Cemetery; to build anew or repair its fence; "to subdue the brush and wood now growing in said Cemetery;" to set out trees of some kind round it; to dispose of certain lots for family burials; to purchase a hearse and building: and to those purposes it appropriated an adequate sum from the Surplus Revenue Fund, in addition to the Ladies' Fair money.

In January following, it was voted "to remove the stone wall north and east of the Burying Ground and a wall built of the same on the west, provided the Ladies composing the late Fair shall build a good and sufficient Fence north and east of said Burying Ground with stone posts and iron rails or a stone fence with split stones as shall be agreed by their agents." From the language of these resolutions we may infer that the great improvement of conditions dating from 1852, was due in its first instance to "the Ladies composing the late Fair." Concerning the details of this fair, History is silent, and tells us only that it was a triumphant success. A Fair paper was edited by the able hand of Pembroke's pioneer journalist, Mrs. Nathaniel Smith; which numbered among its brightest jewels the following verse, composed by her brother, the late Luther Briggs, Junior:—

"Sometimes, when tired of tedious application,
I throw aside my pen for recreation,
And idly join the seeming-busy throng,
That course the crowded streets with haste along:
See gay-wrought baubles brought from foreign land,
The fair production of some skilful hand,
In showy postures ranged by salesman's art,
Fools and their money speedily to part:
See haughty belles with costly trinkets hung;
With sparkling rings each lily finger clung;
Bedecked with raiment tinged with every hue
From rich vermilion to more modest blue,
Arranged with care as striving to outvie

THE BURYING GROUND

The peacock's pride or gaudy butterfly;
With head erect, or more affected gait,
While supercilious beaux attendant wait,
And soft attentions offer to the fair,
And soft remarks propound with studied care—
Till, tired at last of vanities like these,
I turn my thoughts to native Mattakese,
Where 'Schoosett's' height with rugged slope ascends:

Where lilled 'North' her crooked course extends
Through semi-deluged plains, that bear a mass
Of beauteous wild flowers and luxurious grass;
Which, mowed and dried, some of much value hold,
As pabulum for kine in winter's cold:
Where 'Sebra's' groves o'erspread a varied field,
And purple grapes in bounteous Autumn yield—
Their spreading branches form a grateful shade
When noontide heats of summer parch the glade:
Or when stern Winter blows with rougher gale,
Here school boy sportsmen trap the timid quail;
Or, scorning mother's fear, with rusty gun
And shaggy dog, for swift-winged partridge run.
Where Nature doth these rustic scenes unfold,
Rich pleasures centre far more prized than gold:
There fires burn brighter; kindlier skies above,
And old acquaintance are, and friends I love.
Let city sparks more self-conceited grow,
And ridiculing shafts upon me throw;
Say 'Pembroke's set far off the kindred world,
A parted fragment by some ruption hurled—
Approached but by one solitary road,
By mortals civilized but seldom trod.'
Their haughty pride I always will defy:
My pride is set on the Old Colony."

Later, a number of improvements were made by private enterprise, in pursuance of a vote of the Town, bearing date

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1858, "to allow private persons to improve the Cemetery at their expense." In 1860 the Town's agent for the sale of lots was "authorized to expend money realized from that source, under direction of a Committee chosen by the proprietors of said lots." The Town seems to have had undisputed control of the premises since 1833; and we can regard only as a strange anomaly the following vote, passed by the First Parish in 1874: "Voted that the Association formed for the purpose of making improvements in the old Burying Ground be allowed to improve said old Burying Ground as they shall think best."

Owing to the exertions of the Reverend William Bicknell, minister of Pembroke from 1857 till 1861, the older portions of the cemetery were in those years given much attention, the slopes about the central glen graded and terraced, and pine trees planted in the arid soil. With the great access of interest dating from the institution of Memorial Day, the grounds have continued to improve in appearance. The graves of Civil War veterans have been marked, and kept fresh with flowers every spring; private enterprise has set in order the several lots; and yearly the yard is mowed and trimmed at public charge. It seems likely that those of the older stones which natural decay and Vandalism have left us, will continue legible and unbroken a long time yet.

It may prove interesting, for one reason or another, to quote a few of the nine hundred and fifty extant inscriptions. That of oldest date is the epitaph of a child of Isaac Thomas, buried beside her mother in a grave marked by a low, splintered, crumbling stone:

HERE LYES YE BODY OF MRS ANN THOMAS
WIFE TO MR ISAAC THOMAS GENT SHE DYED
MARCH YE 1 DAY 1722-3 AETATIS 33 YEARS 3
MONTHS

ANN THOMAS DYED AUGUST YE 28 DAY 1715
AGED 3 MONTHS & 6 DAYS

MARY THOMAS DYED OCTBR YE 13 DAY 1716
AGED 2 MONTHS & DAYS

CHILDREN OF ISAAC AND ANN THOMAS

THE BURYING GROUND

The next oldest known grave is marked by a stone—probably the oldest in the yard—yet more splintered and crumbling; and lies not far from the other, near the Allen monument. It is that of William Tubbs, a town charge, who died 15 August, 1718, aged sixty-three years.

Near by is the grave of Isaac Thomas himself:

HIC IACET YE INTERRED BODY OF LEFTENAT
ISAAC THOMAS GENT WHO DYED MARCH YE
16TH DAY 1731 AGED 49 YEARS AND THREE
BABES BY ABIGIL HIS LAST WIFE

MRS. SARAH CUSHING YE UERTUOUS CON-
SORT OF CAPTN NEHEMIAH CUSHING DIED
JULY YE 6TH 1749 IN HAR 61ST YEAR.
YE ME BEHOLD I AM MOLDERJNG JNTO DUST
AS I AM NOW SO CERTAINLY YOU MUST
WHEN THIS YOU SEE REMEMBER ME
FOR I AM IN ETERNYTE

HERE LIES BURIED YE BODY OF YE REVD
DANIEL LEWIS ORDIANED PASTER OF YE
FIRST CHRUCH IN PEMBROKE DECEN YE 3:
1712 WHO DEPTD THIS LIFE JUNE YE 29: 1753
AETAT 68 YE MEMORY OF THE IUST IS
PRECIOUS

IN MEMORY OF ASQUIR DANIEL LEWIS HE
DIED JUNE YE 26TH 1759 IN YE 45TH YEAR
OF HIS AGE

ERECTED IN MEMORY OF MR AARON SON TO
MR AARON SOULE WHO DIED JULY YE 23:
1768 AGED 18 YEARS 7 MONTHS & 13 DAYS
BUT E'ER MY RACE IS RUN IN STRENGTH
AT GOD'S COMMAND DECAYS
HE HAS WHEN ALL MY WISHES BLOOMD
CUT SHORT MY HOPEFULL DAYS

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HERE LYES YE INTERRED BODY OF THE
HONOURABLE ISAAC LITTEL ESQIR DYED
FEBRUARY YE 2D 1758 JN YE 80TH YEAR OF
HIS AGE

ERECTED IN MEMORY OF MISS REBEKAH
DAUTR OF MR AARON SOULE WHO DYED
MARCH YE 17TH 1783 AGED 48 YEARS
TOUCHED WITH A SYMPATHY WITHIN
HE KNOWS OUR FEEBLE FRAME
HE KNOWS WHAT SORE CONTENTIONS MEAN
FOR HE HAS FELT THE SAME

ERECTED IN MEMORY OF THE REVD THOMAS
SMITH PASTOR OF THE FIRST CHURCH OF
CHRIST IN PEMBROKE HE DIED JULY 7: 1788
IN HIS 83RD YEAR

ERECTED IN MEMORY OF THE HON. JOSIAH
SMITH ESQ LATE MEMBER OF THE CONGRESS
OF THE UNITED STATES WHO DIED APRIL 4:
1803 AGED 66 YEARES
TO THEE EACH SOUL THE WARM OBLATION PAYS
WITH TREMBLING ARDOUR OF UNEQUAL PRAISE
AS THROUGH THIS THORNY VALE OF LIFE WE
RUN
GREAT CAUSE OF ALL EFFECTS THY WILL BE
DONE

HERE LYES THE REMAINS OF MRS MARY
DUNSTER RELICT OF THE REVD ISAAH
DUNSTER OF HARWICH SHE DIED DECEM-
BER 23: 1796 IN HAR 62 YEAR
SHE THRO LIFE WITH EQUAL ARDOUR STROVE
TO TASTE THE SWEETS OF FRIENDSHIP AND OF
LOVE
WITH MUTUAL WARMTH UNWELCOME CARES
BEGUILD
AND WEPT TOGETHER AND TOGETHER SMILD

THE BURYING GROUND

THE ENTERRD REMAINS OF MR JEREMIAH YE
SON OF DOCTR JEREMIAH HALL HE DIED YE
4 OF JANUARY 1776 IN YE 17TH THE YEAR OF HIS
AGE IN THE SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY OP-
POSEING THE TYRANNY OF BRITAIN AND
BRITAIN'S TYRANT

IN MEMORY OF DR. JEREMIAH HALL WHO
DIED OCTOBER YE 1ST 1807 AGED 85 YEARS
IN THE COLD MANSION OF THE SILENT TOMB
HOW STILL THE SOLITUDE HOW DEEP THE
GLOOM
HERE SLEEPS THE DUST UNCONSCIOUS CLOSE
CONFIN'D
BUT FAR FAR DISTANT DWELLS THE IMMORTAL
MIND

IN MEMORY OF MRS SARAH WHO DIED DEC^R
18: 1792 AGED 34 YEARS AND MRS LYDIA WHO
DIED JAN^RY 7: 1824 AGED 62 YEARS WIVES
OF DEACN GIDEON T WHITE
THOUGH VALUED FRIENDS IN DEATH REPOSE
THE AGED AND THE YOUNG
THE WATCHFUL EYES IN DARKNESS CLOS'D
AND MUTE TH' INSTRUCTIVE TONGUE
YET OUR ALMIGHTY FRIEND SURVIVES
NEW COMFORT TO IMPART
HIS PROMISED PRESENCE TOO REVIVES
AND ANIMATES THE HEART

IN MEMORY OF MISS RUTH CHAPMAN DAUGH-
TER OF MR. JOHN CHAPMAN WHO DIED JULY
12TH 1793 IN HER 27 YEAR
BENEATH THIS STONE IN SACRED SLEEP
THE REMAINS OF RUTH LIES
WHOSE CHARACTER WILL BEST APPEAR
WHEN SHE AGAIN SHALL RISE

ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF PEMBROKE

MEMENTO MORI: HERE LYE YE REMAINS OF
CAPT THOMAS TURNER WHO DIED JANRY YE
26 DAY 1795 IN THE 83 YEAR OF HIS AGE
AN HONEST MAN'S THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD

IN MEMORY OF MISS ABIGAIL JOSSELYN
DAUGHTER OF MR. HENRY JOSSELYN WHO
DIED MARCH 5: 1806 AGED 36 YEARS
A SOUL PREPARED NEEDS NO DELAYS
THE SUMMONS COMES THE SAINT OBEYS
SWIFT WAS HER FLIGHT & SHORT THE ROAD
SHE CLOSD HER EYES AND SAW HER GOD

ERECTED IN MEMORY OF MR ADAM FOORD
WHO WAS BORN IN PEMBROKE NOVR 8THE
OLD STILE 1723 AND DIED WORN OUT WITH
AGE JUNE 11TH 1802 AGED 78 YEARS
OUR AGE TO SEVENTY YEARS IS SET
HOW SHORT THE TERM HOW FRAIL THE STATE!
AND IF TO EIGHTY WE ARRIVE
WE RATHER SIGH AND GROAN THAN LIVE

IN MEMORY OF MRS DEBORAH WIFE TO MR
ISAAC DRAKE WITH HER INFANT SON ON
HER ARM WHO DIED OCTOBER 23: 1800 AGED
21 YEARS
YE MIDDLE AGE COME HEAR MY DOOM
MY MORNING SUN HAS SUNK AT NOON
SURVIVING FRIENDS DONT MOURN FOR ME
MY SOUL IS IN ETERNITY
I WAS BROUGHT FORTH INTO A WORLD OF PAIN
BUT IN SHORT TIME WAS CALLED BACK AGAIN
TO SLEEP WITH HER WHO GAVE ME BIRTH AT
FIRST
AND IN MY MOTHER'S ARMS RETURN TO DUST

THE BURYING GROUND

IN MEMORY OF MISS DEBBY LITTLE WHO
DIED IN ROCHESTER NOV 7: 1819 AGED 20
YEARS
DEATH THE DREAD SOVREIGN OF THE HUMAN
RACE
ALLOTS HIS SUBJECTS EACH THEIR DWELLING
PLACE
NOR AGE NOR VIRTUE NOR ALL EARTHLY
CHARMS
CAN FIND A REFUGE FROM THE TYRANT'S ARMS
THO FRIENDS ARE ABSENT YET THEYRE LEFT
TO MOURN
THE LOVELY CION FROM THEIR BOSOM TORN
BUT STILL THE CHEERING PROMISE THEY RE-
TAIN
THAT FRIENDS THO SEVERD ONCE SHALL MEET
AGAIN

NATHANIEL SON TO MR CHARLES LITTLE
DIED OCTBR 1: 1804 IN HIS 3RD YEAR
SO FADES THE LOVELY BLOOMING FLOWR
FRAIL SMILING SOLACE OF AN HOUR
SO SWIFT OUR TRANSIENT COMFORTS FLY
AND PLEASURE ONLY BLOOMS TO DIE

IN MEMORY OF MR WILLIAM CUSHING WHO
DIED JANRY 4: 1825 AGED 74 YEARS
BE LIKE A CENTINEL KEEP ON YOUR GUARD
ALL EYE ALL EAR ALL EXPECTATION OF THE
COMING FOE

MRS RUTH WIFE TO HORACE HALL DIED
JULY 20: 1838 AETATIS 32 YEARS
NO MORE FATIGUE NO MORE DISTRESS
NOR SIN NOR DEATH SHALL REACH THE PLACE
NOR GROANS SHALL MINGLE WITH THE SONGS
THAT WARBLE FROM IMMORTAL TONGUES

ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF PEMBROKE

IN MEMORY OF MR SENECA LORING WHO
DIED IN PEMBROKE MAY 25TH 1847 AETATIS

61

WHAT THO WE WADE IN WEALTH
OR SOAR IN FAME
EARTH'S HIGHEST STATION ENDS IN
HERE HE LIES
AND DUST TO DUST
CONCLUDES HER NOBLEST SONG

EDWARD BATES DIED JULY 10: 1864 AGED 83
YEARS

I WOULD NOT HAVE PROUD MARBLE PILED
ABOVE MY GRASSY BED
ONE SIMPLE STONE TO MARK THE SPOT
AND ONE TO WEEP ME DEAD

IN MEMORY OF MELICENT DAUGHTER OF
MR MATTHEW PARRIS WHO WAS DROWNED
FEBRY 5THE 1795 IN THE 12THE YEAR OF HER
AGE MANY ARE THE SHAPES OF DEATH
MANY THE WAYS THAT LEAD TO HIS GRIM
CAVE ALL DREADFUL

IN MEMORY OF MISS SUSANNA JACOB SHE
DIED JANRY YE 1ST 1794 IN HER 62D YEAR
THO UNESPOUSED IN EARTH WE LY
YET IF ESPOUSED TO CHRIST WE DIE
NO MORTAL JOYS COULD ORE COMPARE
THE FINISHED JOYS THAT CENTERS THERE
IN GLORY CHRIST UNITES THE JUST
THO DISTANT GRAVE DIVIDE THE DUST

A copy was made, several years ago, of all the then extant inscriptions; this can be consulted, through the Town Clerk, by persons wishing to discover any particular stone.

There are in the old burying-ground many graves of Rev-

THE BURYING GROUND

olutionary soldiers, now lying without mark or distinction of any kind. In neighboring towns such graves have received the notice due them, and a bronze marker there shows the resting-place of each veteran of the War for Independence. At small expense, similar markers might be placed in all our cemeteries; where now only graves of Civil War veterans are so designated. This duty Pembroke has yet to fulfil.

“Go to yonder church-yard,” said Doctor Francis Collamore, “and read history there.” God’s Acre is the last earthly dwelling of all our neighbours and friends. Each season brings it a richer harvest of them from the highways and by-ways of the town. A year is not now past since it took into its bosom the body of him that had been its lifelong caretaker. One saying is often heard from the lips of aged people: “More of my friends are in the Burying Ground than are left outside.” Although we may never come to esteem a walk through its winding paths and grass-grown avenues—in the words of Judge Sewall—“an awfull yet pleasing Treat;” the sight of its memorials to our dear and honoured friends may remind us more of what was gained in their lives than of what was lost in their deaths, and bring us out from the gateway feeling that we have been compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses.

“We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o’er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just,)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!

ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF PEMBROKE

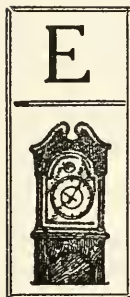
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!"



Henry Baker
1827 - 1907

The Town Clock and Its Neighbors.

*In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it watches o'er the town.*



VERY year sees the passing of some old and obsolete custom. Time was when the Bell performed a real service for the village by advertising the hour of a public meeting. Clocks and watches are general now, and every man lives thereby a law unto himself: and at the present day, there are not wanting persons to term the Bell and all its works a relic of the Middle Ages; which ought long since to have gone the way of conch and drum, their predecessors. Some of us may live to see the sonorous tongue put to silence; and the belfry become a haunt of proverbial bats and owls, and the ghosts of the ancient bell-ringers. Let us hope that the fine old custom will never be done away with; that in Pembroke we may still hear, across the quiet valleys, her sexton

“Ringing the village bell

When the evening sun is low.”

It was the belfry of the second Meeting House that Isaac Thomas agreed to “Cullor” with Spanish brown and oil. In 1763 that Meeting House boasted a “Spier,” on the square part of which a “Walk” existed. This structure was, doubtless, provided with a bell; for in 1793—while it was still standing, although in a ruinous condition—the Parish

ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF PEMBROKE

voted "to build a porch or tower at one end of the Meeting House sufficient to fix or hang a bell on with a Cupola to the Same." The vote was speedily rescinded. From 1792 on, the Parish seriously considered removing the steeple; it was finally taken down in the spring of 1805. It was not replaced until the building of the present Meeting House; which in its large square belfry—the highest eminence in town—received the new bell. While ringing for a fire in Marshfield woods, during the summer of 1839, this was badly cracked: and accordingly, made room for another. The old bell, Mr. Baker once told me, rang just on A; its successor falling a little flat.

Early in 1838, the Town—acting on the article "To see if the Town will pay a stipulated sum for having the Bell rung for public meetings and tolled for deaths and at the burial of all persons in town when information shall be given and the service required"—voted to pay a sum not exceeding \$20 in each year for ringing and tolling the bell. Notice of a death was regularly given at sunrise following its occurrence. Every such notice had three divisions: attention was attracted by a succession of slow, measured strokes; after a long pause, three strokes, twice three, or thrice three sounded, according as the deceased were child, woman, or man; last of all was rung the age. The practice of tolling, once universal, gradually fell out of favour; and has long since been discontinued. I do not myself remember ever hearing the bell rung for any occasion other than a fire, or a meeting of citizens. The old way of paying public tribute to friends and neighbours lost from the village, was a good one; and ought to be restored.

With the bell came the Town Clock. According to a tradition which has never been contradicted, this was presented to the Town by the Reverend Morrill Allen, on condition that they keep it in repair. It was the work of Aaron Willard of Boston: and though badly shaken up in 1893, still gives its neighbors the standard time; thanks to the skill and devotion of its late caretaker. The stroke of lightning which,

THE TOWN CLOCK AND ITS NEIGHBORS

on the eighth of April in that year, rent the belfry, scattered the venerable Town Clock to all the winds of heaven. At first repair was thought unadvisable, or even impossible. By the request of Mr. George Allen of Scituate, who wished his grandfather's gift perpetuated, Mr. Baker was induced to attempt a reconstruction--for his work amounted to that. A large number of pieces taken as souvenirs had to be called in: it is said that some parts of the dial were found in Bridgewater. The expense of this repair was generously borne by Mr. Allen.

The first outlay made by the Town on its Clock was voted in 1852: the report of the "Commissioner to improve the Town Clock," dated 1854, names a bill of \$24.51; which was allowed. The charge for running the Clock was, until 1854, paid by the First Parish, in whose Meeting House it stood. In that year the Parish voted "that Nathan Simmons take care of the Meeting House, Clock, Bell &c. for five dollars in addition to twenty that the Town pay." Since then, the Town has regularly borne the expense of running, as well as of repair. Until 1862, the Parish annually chose the caretaker. In 1861 occurs the last record of such choice. But it is probable that the Parish continued to act as the Town's agent in this matter, and that sextonship of the Church was understood to include care of the Clock; until the long tenure by Mr. Baker of several offices, had quite obscured the distinction between them. From 1878 till 1907, he was annually elected sexton by the Town, and had charge of the Town Clock. He held no other office continuously during that time, and was never expressly elected or appointed to the caretaker-ship. From these facts it is inferred that he ran the Clock as town sexton.

The last chapter of the Clock's history has proved to be of permanent interest, and finds its place here. Mr. Baker's death occurred 7 June, 1907. The Selectmen, on whom devolved the duty of appointing his successor, questioned not only his status as a town officer, but also the Town's ownership of the Clock. Towns are not expressly impowered to

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choose a sexton, nor are the duties of such an officer prescribed by law. In the absence of any agreement to the contrary, the attachment of the Clock to the Meeting House had caused it to become a part of the realty, and, therefore, property of the First Parish. Since that society did not press its claim, a waiver was prepared, and by the Parish ordered to be signed by their Committee: together with grants of a right of location and a right of entry to the premises leased. These instruments were, on August tenth, executed and delivered to the Selectmen; who appointed Mr. Frank G. Crafts to succeed Mr. Baker as caretaker of the Town Clock. The Selectmen incurred much adverse criticism through their delay in getting the Clock started: it is but just that the Town recognize the decisive results obtained by their investigation of its title.

In a paper concerned with time-keepers, a statement of certain differences between the old and the new methods—or “styles”—of reckoning time, may not be out of order. England, always conservative, was far slower than the Continent in adopting Gregory’s calendar; and her practice was followed throughout her American colonies. Until 1752, their calendar was not only eleven full days behind the solar year, but also preserved the ancient practice of beginning the legal year on 25 March.

Since the year was popularly held to begin on 1 January, there was in use a system of “double-dating:” which affixed to every day from 1 January to 24 March inclusive the signs of both the immediately preceding popular, and the immediately succeeding legal years. Old Style was abolished in 1751. The legal year 1752 was the first to begin on 1 January; and the day immediately following 2 September, 1752, was reckoned as the fourteenth. The incorporation of Pembroke occurred on the twenty-first of March, Old Style; or on the first of April, New Style: in the year 1711-1712, being the legal year 1711, and the popular year 1712.

A difference in practice equally apt to cause confusion, is that which existed with regard to the currency of Massachu-

THE TOWN CLOCK AND ITS NEIGHBORS

setts during the eighteenth century. Before 1750 there was no legal tender. The New England Shilling of the seventeenth century had been on a par with the sterling; the celebrated Willow, Oak, and Pine-tree Shillings—coined by Massachusetts in 1652, and for thirty years after—had been set at a value equal to eighteen cents of our money: all these issues were still current as money of commerce, not to speak of miscellaneous bills of credit emitted by the Province. In 1702 the General Court appointed a definite form in which such bills should be issued:

“No. ——— 20 sh.

This indented bill of twenty shillings, due from the province of the Massachusetts Bay, in New England, to the possessor thereof, shall be in value equal to money; and shall be accordingly accepted by the treasurer and receivers subordinate to him, in all publick payments, and for any stock at any time in the treasury.

By order of the Great and General Court.”

The bills were used for payment of Province debts, and afforded a means of anticipating taxes very liable to abuse. Every issue of bills ought to have been supported by a tax of equal amount. From their first emission in 1690—on the occasion of Phips’s expedition to Canada—until 1704, the bills were promptly so redeemed. Beginning with that year, the Court often yielded to temptation, and made its issue larger than its tax; with the result that the credit of the Province became impaired, and its bills depreciated in value. Their general form, or “tenour,” also—especially the guarantee, which made the bill “in value equal to money”—proved far too indefinite; and was eventually superseded by another, in pursuance of an act passed 4 February 1736-7:

“Twenty Shillings

Twenty Shillings

This bill of twenty shillings, due from the province of Massachusetts Bay, in New England, to the possessor thereof, shall be in value equal to three ounces of coined silver, Troy weight, of sterling alloy, or gold coin at the rate of four pounds eighteen shillings per ounce; and shall be accordingly

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accepted by the treasurer and receivers subordinate to him in all payments.....and for any stock at any time in the treasury.

By order of the Great and General Court.”

By this act, all bills of the earlier form became Old Tenour. Of the New Tenour, £9000 was issued at once, in notes of denominations ranging from tenpence to forty shillings; and to float this issue, a tax of equal amount was levied. Some of the quotas follow:

Abington	19: 13: 0
Boston	1620: 0: 0
Bridgewater	101: 6: 6
Duxbury	33: 2: 3
Halifax	19: 2: 6
Hanover	28: 3: 3
Marshfield	61: 18: 3
Middleboro	69: 14: 3
Pembroke	33: 2: 3
Plymouth	87: 9: 0
Plympton	39: 6: 0

The tax was payable: in bills of the new tenour; or of the old tenour, in the proportion of three to one; or in coined silver, at 6: 8 per ounce; or in gold coin, at £4:18 per ounce; or in hemp, at fourpence the pound; or in flax, at sixpence. Five years later, the legislature again sought to steady the currency, by establishing still another form of bill; which varied from the last only in the clause “and shall be so accepted in all payments, and in the treasury.” This form accordingly became New Tenour: the earlier forms were now Old and Middle Tenours. The value of money, however, continued to fluctuate until, in January of 1748-9, a standard or legal tender was fixed; of which six shillings and eight pence were equal to one ounce of silver. It was ordered that all contracts made after 31 March, 1750, should be understood as if made in lawful money. The Tenours, however, remained current during some years after 1750; for in 1752 there was out, of the Old, Middle, and New Tenours, £4756, £2131, and £49729, respectively.

THE TOWN CLOCK AND ITS NEIGHBORS

An approximate statement of the value of current money during the period 1700-1750 may prove useful. From 1702 until 4 February 1736-7, the depreciation of the Old Tenour went on unregulated by law. From 4 Feb. 1736-7 until 15 Jan. 1741-2, its legal value was one third that of the New; which was then at par. From 15 Jan. 1741-2 until 26 Jan. 1748-9, its legal value was one fourth that of the New; one pound of which, during that period, equalled £1:6:8 of the former New or Middle. After 26 Jan. 1748-9, six shillings of lawful money were legally equivalent to forty-five of the Old Tenour, or to eleven and sixpence of the New or of the Middle.

The fluctuation in the actual purchasing power of Old Tenour, is estimated by the following table—derived from Aaron Hobart's *History of Abington*; which purports to give, for each year mentioned, the value in bills of an ounce of silver: 1702—6s 10d; 1705—7s; 1712—8s; 1716—9s; 1717—12s; 1722—14s; 1728—18s; 1730—20s; 1737—26s; 1741—28s; 1749—60s.

All the Tenours were, like sterling money, reckoned in pounds, shillings, and pence; but with a standard so low that their shilling, when at par, was worth little more than ninepence sterling. It was the sixth part of a Spanish milled dollar or "piece of eight," and equivalent to nearly seventeen cents of our money. Sterling was also current; its shilling was then worth about twenty-two and one half cents. Spanish coins were still more common than English; the principal was the famous Pillar Dollar, or "piece of eight," worth two or three cents more than our dollar.

The standard of 1749 continued in force throughout the Revolution. Credit declined with the progress of the war, and the large issues by Congress and the General Court of notes which they seemed unlikely ever to redeem. From the Town records we learn that in 1780 one silver dollar was worth eighty in paper; that in 1781 a silver pound was equivalent to 250 "old emission dollars;" and that in 1782 the Town instructed its collectors to refuse paper altogether.

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After the close of the war, and the consequent return of credit, came the coinage of the American dollar in 1794. Its value was a little below that of the Spanish dollar, which had long been the medium of Western commerce: New England continued to reckon her shilling as one sixth of a dollar, or 16 2-3 cents. The New York shilling of 12 1-2 cents, our ninepence, became current here after 1800; and seems to have been in some places not less generally used than the native fraction.

Since this paper has already strayed so far from its subject, I may be forgiven if I conclude it with an extract from the Town Record which illustrates some of the foregoing statements, and gives us a glimpse at the grey side of village life in Revolutionary days, with all its bargaining and dickering and striving to make one dollar do the work of eighty. It purports to be a schedule of prices taking effect early in the year 1777:—

“The following are the Prices of articles agreed upon by the Selectmen and the Committee and Recorded By Order of the General Court—

Good Wheat at 7s a Bushill

good Grass fed Beef at 2¾d a Pound

good oak wood Delivered at the Buyers door to the Northward and Eastward of a Line from Lemuel Little's to ye Widow Delanoes as the Road goes at 10s a Cord

good oak Wood Delivered at the Buyers Door to the Southward and Westward of the afore Said Line at 8s

good oak Cole Delivered at the Works at 14s 8d a Lood

good Charcole Commonly used By Blacksmiths at 13s 4d a Lood

good all Wool Cloath 7/8 wide of the Best Quality Well Dressed at 9s 4d a yard and so in proportion for a narrower width and Meaner Quality

Veal Mutton and Lamb at 3½d a Pound

Horse Keeping a Night or Twenty-four hours on English hay at 1s a night

a Dinner on a Boyld Dish one Shilling on Boyld and Rosted 1s 2d a Breckfast 8d

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a Supper 8d a nights Lodging 3½d

a Potte of Oats 3½d

a Mug of Phlip or Toddey made with new england Rum
9d made with west india Rum 1s

Cyder By the Barril at the Press at 7s

Mens Shoes made of good neats Leather at 7s 6d

Womans Shoes 5s 8d and other Shoes in proportion according to their Size

Making Men Shoes at 2s 6d and woman Shoes the Same the Shoemaker finding heals

May June July August and September 3s a day for mens Labour and found as usual: October March and april at 2s 6d and found as usual: nour. Decmr. Janur. and febr. at 2s and found as usual: and in the usual proportion for tradsmen

for Shewing a horse Plane 4s and if the Toes and Corks are Steele 6s

a Syth and narrow ax 8s each and other Smithing in the usual proportion

a good yoaik of oxen 2s 4d a day

a good new ground Plow at 2s 8d a day and other Plows in proportion

a good Cart and Wheels at 1s 8d

Weaving all wool Cloath five Quarters Wide at 8d a yard and other Cloathe in proportion

Horse Hire By the mile 3d Single Dubble or otherwise: Looded Equal to Dubble 6d a mil.

good Marchantable White Pine Bords at the mill 42s 8d a Thousand and other Bords in Proportion

good marchantable Ceder Shingle or White Pine Without Sap at 15s 8d a Thousand and in Proportion fer other Shingle

good English hay of the Best Quality at 2s 6d a hundred and So in Proportion for a meaner Sort

good Fresh hay of the Best Quality Where it Can Be Come at With a Team at 28s a Ton and So in Proportion for a Meaner Sort

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for Summering a Cow well at 24s and So in Proportion for other Cattle

and for horse Keeping in the Summer By Grass at 2 shilling a week and for keeping a horse a night or 24 hours By Grass 7d

fer Bording a man a week 6s 8d

for fulling Dying Shearing and Pressing a Clarret or London Brown Colour 1s 6d a Yard

fer fulling Shearing and Pressing mixt Cloath 8d a yard

for fulling and Cording of Blanketing at 4d

fer Pressing worsted or worsted and wool Cloath at two Pence one farthing a yard and all other Cloath in the usual Proportion”



The Third Meeting House: 1837

XV. The First Church in Pembroke.

*Cecinit quae prima futuros
Aeneadas magnos, et nobile Pallanteum.*



BLEAK and arid moorland, barren save for brown poverty-grass and a growth of hardy savins deriving meagre support from the poor soil and stormbeaten air—until the year 1700, such was the site now known as Pembroke Centre. Commanding a wide view of fertile slopes and pleasant valleys where small homesteads were already beginning, it rose above these itself unpopulated, and unbroken by the settler's plough. Its southern extremity was the property of Abraham Pearce, Junior; on the north Isaac Barker held a large estate; and the central summit, with its approaches, remained still a part of the common or undivided lands of Duxbury.

Not many years after 1700, the village of Mattakesett had grown large enough to become a parish by itself. The hardships of a weekly journey through the woods to Duxbury meeting-house, were great; and it was thought best in some degree to separate from the parent church. In 1708 a small building was constructed—we are told—near Sabbaday Orchard, home of Huguenot legend: it was raised on June 8, and within its walls thenceforth the little company met for weekly service. Apparently this building was moved before 1712 to the site of the present church, for on the earliest records we find evidence that its location was there.

THE FIRST CHURCH IN PEMBROKE

Of so much only can we be certain, that before 1712 there was a building near that site, used by the inhabitants of Upper Duxbury as a Meeting House.

Pembroke became a township early in 1712; and on the twenty-second of October in that year, the First Church was formally organized. The new parish—rulers of the area now Pembroke and Hanson: excepting Scituate Two-mile; the Marches next Abington, Halifax, and Bridgewater; and a narrow gore on the west bank of Indian Head River, then part of Scituate—looked about them for a minister to settle over their rude meeting-house and scanty congregation. Their choice fell on the Reverend Daniel Lewis of Hingham, a graduate of Harvard, and—as nearly as can be learned—a typical old-style minister. Mr. Lewis was ordained 3 December 1712. The town granted him a homestead just north of the church, near the site of the present sheds; and here he lived throughout his long ministry of over forty years. His wife was Elizabeth Hawke, a native of Hingham, and aunt of Governor Hancock: they had several children; of whom Elizabeth married the Reverend John Howland of Plympton, and Daniel, Esquire, was a magistrate in colonial days.

Under Mr. Lewis' ministry the parish prospered: the church was enlarged in 1717 to accommodate the Indians, and new pews were constantly building. Eleven years after his ordination, the society voted to build a new meeting-house; but plans and proposals were first entertained in 1726. On the twenty-sixth of December, the Town chose a committee of four to let out the building of a meeting-house which should be "forty by fifty, and twenty-two foot stud:" the contract was given to Isaac Thomas; who, for £600, undertook to perform the work faithfully according to specifications, and "cullor the square part of the Belfry and Cannopy with Spanish Brown and Oyl." Next year the structure was ready for occupation, and the old church was sold for what it would fetch: the frame is still to be seen, in good preservation, on the homestead of Mr. Henry Bosworth in Pembroke

THE FIRST CHURCH IN PEMBROKE

Centre. An affidavit of Daniel Lewis, made in 1737, tells us that "Pembroke Meeting House was raised 21-22 June 1727." Unfortunately the good minister omits details: and accordingly, has failed to specify for our benefit the quantity of rum provided for that operation; which, in conformity with the usage of those days, was doubtless large.

A greater misfortune is the mutilation of a page in the earliest Town book, containing records of a meeting held ten days before the raising to decide the location of the new structure. The site actually chosen was identical with, or very near, the former site. This was in a central position on the Common; surrounded by associations always dear, and beginning to be time-honoured. As early as 1715, and no doubt for some years before that, the present cemetery had been used as a burying ground by the villagers. Here on the south lay the graves of their fathers; the parsonage on the north already had a history; somewhere in the neighborhood was the wooden Pound, to which came every owner of stray swine, sheep, horses, or cattle to buy at a price their liberty; and the highways leading to the earlier meeting house had been laid out with considerable care and expense. The approach on the north was a lane coming from the home of the Honourable Isaac Little: on the east, a highway led toward the houses of Abraham Pearce and Elisha Bisbee, Esquire, and the Barker estates: southward, the road ran past Thomas Burton's to Indian Bridge between Monument and Furnace ponds: going west, you came to the homestead of James Bonney; and farther on, through the woods, to the Thomas manor in Hanson—then an outlying district of Namassakeesett.

The new building little resembled a modern church; if we are to judge by the records, and a picture preserved in the *Smith Memorial*. It was a roomy two-story hall, surmounted by a low belfry or canopy. There were thirteen windows in front, and ten on either end: the front door, facing the south, was double; as were also those on the east and the west ends. Of course no chimney was needed; for all

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heat received by the long-suffering congregation, came from hot bricks, footstoves, and the fires of their enthusiasm. Each pew was a high, square, uncomfortable enclosure, with doors, a cushionless bench on two sides, and high railings around the top. A gallery ran along three sides of the church—here the unhappy Indians were posted—reached by stairs on either hand of the front door: the flight in the east corner being known as “ye Women’s Stares;” and that in the west, as “ye Men’s Stares.” The walls of the house were bordered by a single tier of pews; next within these, a narrow aisle went round, enclosing and giving access to the spacious centre pews occupied by the squires and gentry of the parish; through these, from the front door, stretched a broad aisle to the foot of the pulpit stairs. This oldtime mercy-seat was placed at the back of the church—a lofty antique structure: which, by raising the minister above his flock

“Aloft in awful state,”

gave added dignity to his presence; and with its huge sound-board, increased the volume of his voice tenfold. To this place—Sunday after Sunday, winter and summer, year in and year out—came the faithful band to twist their aching toes in decorous silence through the lengthy prayer and still longer sermon, till the endurance of minister and people failed. There was no instrumental music; and the little vocal music they had, consisted of Puritan psalm tunes—made yet more dreary by the practice, then universal, of “deaconing” hymns. No wonder the children took cold, and sickened and died of consumption and like diseases: no wonder the youngsters grew restless; and tithingmen were told off “to see that the Boys—poor fellows—be still and regular in time of Divine exercises.”

The space for pews was sold, by public auction, at from £10 to £25 a pew: these were then built by the owners; and amounted to over thirty in number, exclusive of the space reserved for Indians. The list of proprietors comprises the following names: Henry Josselyn, Jonathan Crooker, Aaron Soule, Joseph Stockbridge, Isaac Wadsworth, Isaac Taylor,

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John and Ichabod and Elisha Bonney, Thomas and Francis and Ebenezer Barker, heirs of Isaac Thomas, Isaac Little, Nehemiah Cushing, Barnabas Perry, John Foord, John Keen, Josiah Hatch, Abraham Pearce, Israel Turner, Joseph Chandler, Isaac Tubbs, Elijah Cushing, Josiah Bishop, Elisha Bisbee, Ephraim Nichols, Jacob Mitchell, Daniel Lewis, Josiah and Benjamin Keen, Joseph Ford, and Samuel Jacob. From every village and outlying farmstead they came, with unfailing constancy, to hear a gospel which told more of the torments of Hell than the delights of Heaven, and sought to terrify rather than to charm: a message harsh but well-pleasing to these stern warriors against heathendom and the Wilderness; and one most apt to train up children who should raise England's banner above the turrets of Quebec, and stain with free blood the bleak plain and snowy hillsides of ever-hallowed Valley Forge.

The Reverend Daniel Lewis was at first little inclined to soften the hard dogmas of salvation for the elect and eternal damnation for the many. Trained in a strict though for those days liberal school of theology, he showed himself in the pulpit a stanch disciple of Calvin. His sermons, however, were little at variance with the taste of his hearers: and in private life he is reputed to have been a man of cheerful temperament; fond of joking his people, and highly esteemed by them as a neighbour and as a minister. He became known to fame through his love for horses, and richly enjoyed passing a parishioner on the road. His salary varied considerably with the need or abundance of his parish: in 1719 he was settled here for life at £80 annually; in 1733 the Town voted to make his salary £150 "for one year and no more." No serious trouble occurred during his ministry; which ended only with his death, having covered the now-adays unparalleled period of over forty years. He died 29 June 1753, having survived by eighteen days only his "virtuous consort" Elizabeth: and his funeral sermon was preached from the text "Daniel, a man greatly beloved."

Late in the ministry of Mr. Lewis occurred the separation

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of the West Parish. This region—colonized first by Isaac and Nathaniel Thomas, and later by Elijah Cushing—had become an important district; its centre was some miles distant from either Pembroke or Bridgewater meeting-house, and the village was amply able to support a minister of its own. About 1745 the question of separation was agitated, at first with little success: the parent church was reluctant to lose some of her strongest supporters; and it was rightly felt that such a division would intensify disagreements between the eastern and the western sections of the town. At length a decision was taken, and a meeting-house erected on the northern extremity of Bonney Hill: on 19 May, 1746, the Town declared the bound between the two precincts a line drawn perpendicular to a line connecting their respective meeting-houses “at a point eighty rods west of the centre of said line measured by the road.” Apparently this pretty problem in mensuration proved too much for the Town surveyor; for, in July following, the bound was changed to be “a south line, beginning four rods down stream below the new Forge so called, and thence extending southerly to Halifax line.” Still another bound is appointed by the act of incorporation, passed 6 August 1746.

The first minister of the new parish was the Reverend Gad Hitchcock, of Revolutionary fame; who proved himself a strong spiritual and political leader for this part of Pembroke. The boldness of his great Election Sermon, delivered in presence of Governor Gage, and his distinguished services in the State Constitutional Convention, are matters of history. Although his biography rightfully belongs to the annals of the West Parish, I venture to introduce here an anecdote which the Doctor himself used to tell with keen appreciation. It chanced one day that he was returning from Boston by stage coach with a solitary companion. Rendered desperate by the Doctor's silent meditation during much of the journey, the other addressed him: “I'm so-and-so; now, who are you?”—“Why, sir, I am Gad Hitchcock, of Tunk, at your service.”—“Wal, I snum, that's the three homeliest

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names I ever did hear; and now I think on't, you're as homely as any!" But if the good Doctor's name was un-musical, he soon made it a watchword with the friends of liberty and justice throughout the Old Colony and large part of the Commonwealth.

Pembroke church in 1750 had seen about a century and a half of existence. Having started with the company of Separatists at Scrooby, it passed over to Leyden in 1607; and ten years later, made a still longer pilgrimage to Plymouth in 1620. Before 1630 the settlement at Duxbury had been made; and shortly afterward, a branch of the Pilgrim church established there. From this body the church in Pembroke had broken off in 1712, and was flourishing after forty years of separate existence. It now entered upon its most prosperous period, under the ministry of a man remarkable alike for learning and sound common-sense. In 1754 the Reverend Thomas Smith was ordained as Mr. Lewis' successor.

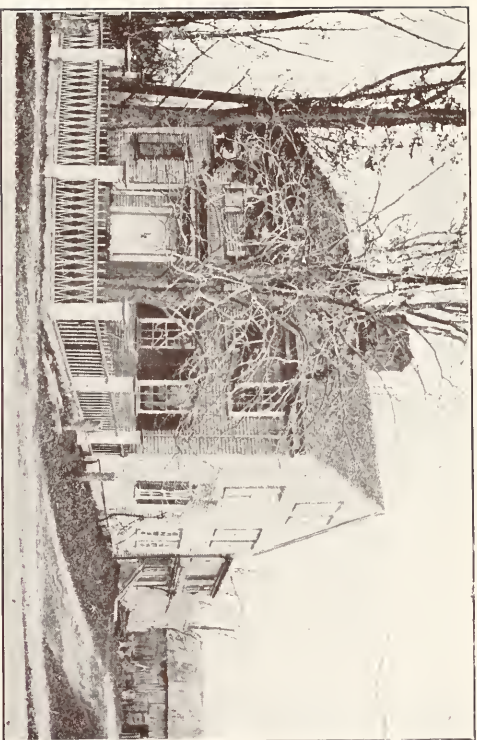
Thomas Smith was a graduate of Harvard, and had preached at Yarmouth for a space of twenty-five years: his religious views were now so advanced and liberalized that he could not honestly remain in his former parish; but was an acceptable relief to Pembroke from the stricter Calvinism of Mr. Lewis. He removed at once from Yarmouth to Pembroke with his family; built the low gambrel-roof house which stood, until a few years ago, nearly opposite the Judge Whitman place; and prepared to spend the rest of his days in Pembroke. He was a scholar of great attainments, and a minister who commanded the love and respect of his people. Many are the stories told of his kindly nature, and his quick appreciation of wit.

Once he took tea at the house of a notable cook; and of course the best was set before the minister: the hostess, expecting a compliment, chose to depreciate her food, and said, "Mr. Smith, let me give you some very poor apple pie."—"No, madam, I thank you," responded Mr. Smith, "but I never eat poor pie;" and much mortified, she could not persuade him to touch it. His criticism upon a sermon read to

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him by his colleague, Mr. Whitman, which began with a long preamble, was: "Very good; but your porch is larger than your house." It was said of him, while preaching at Yarmouth, that he could preach a sermon an hour long in twenty minutes. He was a profound Hebrew scholar, and very absent-minded—so much so that once, returning from some meeting at Hingham, he drove home the wrong horse; and failed to discover his mistake till next day, when the owner came for it. When the minister came to call at his son's house, the children were ranged around the room in the most solemn manner, and not allowed to speak: for, although their Grandpa, he was still the Minister; and none must be too familiar: yet he always had a smile and a kind word for all. He said to his children: "I am content to bear noise and headache at any time to gratify you; and shall think myself happy, if none of you do anything to make my heart ache." It is related of Mr. Smith that he had a dog which always accompanied him to church, and behaved as a pious dog should, except on the day the singing quarrel was at its height; when he barked furiously.

The popularity of Mr. Smith was shown conclusively in the numbers and devotion of his congregations. Old residents have told us strange tales of days when the only seats to be had in the Meeting House were on the gallery stairs. The long needed addition came in 1763. As early as 1741, the Town had very wisely refused to let John Keen, Junior, "cut a door out of his pew through the Meeting House." They now ensured a symmetrical exterior by providing plenty of room within for passageways as well as for pews. At a Precinct meeting held in January, 1763, it was "Voted to Inlarge the Meeting House By Putting a Piece of fourteene feet in the Midle and to New Cover the Same Meaning the Whol House With good Shingle New Window frames Sashes and Glas Set in Wood With Water tables New front Doers and proper fruntes Piece to gether Withal Needfull Repaiers as Well things not mentioned as Mentioned Provided it May be Done Well and Workman Like And allso to Repare the



The Elijah Cushing House : 1724

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Square Part of the Spire and make a New Walk on Sd Square Said House Painted in Manner as Marshfield Meeting House the Spier Included and their Must be a Proper Passage Way to get into the four Pews in the front gallery the said Hous to be Shingled With Pine Shingles Without Sap or good Ceder Shingle: Voted that the undertakers Shall not Sell Neither of the Pews out of the Preeinct the undertakers to Have all the Stuf taken of of Sd House: Voted yt Capt Benjamin Turner Mr Aaron Soul Mr John Turner Be a Precinct Commity to Agre With Sum Person or Persons to go on With the Sd Meeting House agreable to the Above Sd Vote and to See that the Worke Be Completed Workman Like”

It was in the course of Mr. Smith's ministry at Pembroke that the famous singing quarrel occurred. Upon his eldest son, Deacon Josiah, devolved the duty of “deaconing” the hymns—a duty he evidently enjoyed; for, when the young people wished to change the style of singing, he refused to give up his position. The minister took sides against his deacon. Affairs at this time became very seditious, and civil war seemed imminent. Rev. Thomas proved himself equal to the occasion. The climax came on Sunday; when the new choir stationed itself in a pew below, the old choir occupying the gallery. The minister gave out the hymn: the new choir began one tune; and the old choir, another—after being “deaconed” by Josiah. Then the minister arose, and said, “Josiah, sit down.” Josiah attempted to protest by saying it was a vote of the Parish for him to read. “I don't care if it is,” said the parson. “I command here myself: by and by, the clods in yonder church-yard will cover me; then you can do as you please: now I command myself: sit down!” That ended the singing quarrel.

Perhaps the minister's share in this reform may have been the occasion of a certain ecclesiastical skirmish, otherwise of indefinite date, mentioned by Rev. Morrill Allen in his sketch of Pembroke's political history. Having spoken of the Revolutionary period, Mr. Allen continues: “After political

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parties were organized and acted in opposition to each other, the leaders of the party called Federals, were Briggs, Cushing, Hitchcock, Hobart, Turner, and Whitman; of the party called Republicans, Barker, Collamore, Hall, Hatch, and Torrey. Of the leading living men we will not venture to write, lest we should come under the censure that was once cast on the minister of the place: a serious difficulty had occurred in the parish, the minister was conversing with a neighbor on the subject, and said the principal men thought such a course of measures would conduce to the peace and welfare of the parish; the neighbor replied,—‘I would have you know, Mr. Smith, there are more principal men in this parish than you suppose.’”

The life of Mr. Smith was lengthened out to the good old age of eighty-two; and he continued to preach until his death, which occurred 7 July 1788. During the last year, he had quite lost his sight, and was assisted by a colleague, the Reverend Kilborn Whitman; who became his successor. Of his large family of twelve children, several remained in Pembroke, were prominent in public life and military affairs, and left to their posterity a noble character and a distinguished name. Their history has been written by Miss Susan A. Smith, formerly of North Pembroke—granddaughter of Thomas Smith’s sixth son, Nathaniel.

Soon after Mr. Smith’s settlement at Pembroke, began the famous chain of events which was to result in the independence of these English provinces. The minister of Pembroke was a stanch patriot, and upheld steadfastly the rights of the colonies: but when the Revolution broke out, he had already reached the allotted three score and ten; and enthusiasm for the great enterprise was supplied by Doctor Hitchcock, minister of the West Parish. Between the years 1765 and 1775, there took place in Pembroke a series of famous town meetings—held, as were most others until 1786, in the East Meeting House. It is recorded that, from 1786 on, every third meeting was held within the limits of the West Precinct.

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In the autumn of 1765, the town was startled by news of the famous Stamp Act; and on Monday, 21 October, 1765. a meeting was called to take action. This came to no decision; but left the matter in the hands of a committee, and adjourned until evening. Just after nightfall, the citizens came together in the old Meeting House, dimly lighted by the unsteady flames of a few candles; and listened to the report of the committee. Excitement was tense: feeling that a crisis was at hand, the Town adopted--"by a great majority of votes"--a resolution instructing their representative in General Court to use his utmost endeavor "to Pospone the introduction of said Act, until the unitted cries of the Whole Continant may have Reachd the ears of our most gracious King and the Parliment of Grate Brittain, and shall obtain from them, who wish neither the death nor loss of their colonies, an answer of Peace."

Years passed: the Stamp Act was repealed; but a course of oppressive measures followed in its train, until at last public opinion would endure no more. In December of 1772 --three years before the war broke out, and four years before independence was resolved upon--a great meeting of all the townspeople was held in the Meeting House, and a resolution adopted whose every clause bears witness to the keen foresight and unyielding patriotism of its authors. After an array of British acts of oppression and the rights thereby infringed, and a strong statement of the relations which ought to subsist between Great Britain and her colonies, the Resolution closes as follows, more in sorrow than in anger: "Resolved that if the measures so justly complained of by this province are presisted in and enforced by fleets and Armies they must --we think of it with pain--they will in a little time issue in the Total Dissolution of the union between mother country and the Colonies to the infinight loss of the Former and regret of the Latter." These words are reputed to be the first public declaration contemplating political independence of Europe issued by an American assembly. We cannot but regret that the noble record which contains them, is

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marred by a vote, passed in 1783, discriminating against the unhappy 'Tories.

The successor of Mr. Smith was Reverend Kilborn—later Judge—Whitman, ordained 12 December 1787: he continued to preach in Pembroke until 12 December 1796, and was succeeded in 1798 by Reverend James Hawley. Mr. Hawley died soon after; his gravestone is in the cemetery:

HERE LIES THE BODY OF REV JAMES HAW-
LEY PASTOR OF THE FIRST CHURCH IN
PEMBROKE ORDAINED MAY 23D 1798 WHO
DIED AT BARNSTABLE OCTOBER 8TH 1800
AGED 31 YEARS

He was followed in 1801 by Rev. Morrill Allen, ordained December the ninth; who continued as minister through forty years, residing at Allen Farm not far from the church. The knoll whereon his house stands, was commonly called "Dancing Hill": for there—said village tradition—had been held, from time immemorial, the yearly corn-dance and other merrymakings of the Mattakese.

Soon after 1800 began in Pembroke the gradual separation of church and state. The Town Record for 1809 gives us, in a code of by-laws for the conduct of town meetings, an interesting picture of the good old days when the Meeting House was still the natural headquarters for transaction of all public business: "The Citizens shall be Seated except when preparing and giving in their Votes: they shall None of them Sit on top of the Benches or Pews: they may Stand or Sit and do private Business in the Wall Pews in the front of the Meeting House and the Ile adjoining: the broad Ile and the alleys leading from the Pulpit to either end Door shall be Clear and occupied by the Constables of the Town, and by None Other."

Such scenes were soon to be no more. In 1819 the Parish Committee was instructed to admonish the Selectmen that the Town's stock of powder must be removed from the Meeting House. The reason for this action is not wholly clear:

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there can have been but little danger from fire, since not until 1823 was the building provided with a stove and pipes. It is probable that, with the growth of other religious societies, the line between Parish and Town had been yearly becoming more sharply defined. In 1833 the Town paid the Parish for the use of the church as a place of public meeting. In the autumn of that year, the Rubicon was crossed. As late as 1818, the Parish tax had been collected by the Town collector. Now the church ceased to receive support from public taxation, and had henceforth to rely wholly on the system of voluntary subscriptions.

For a time, thanks to the great regard in which Mr. Allen was held, its prosperity suffered little from the change. A farmer himself, the "Old Man of Dancing Hill" became extremely popular with his farmer neighbours, and entered heartily and sympathetically into their joys and sorrows. No man loved better than he those gleams of rustic wit that light up a tedious day of labor in field or garden. His men were served regularly with their customary eleven o'clock and four o'clock, and thereby hangs a tale. One afternoon, as Mr. Allen passed to Peleg Cook a rather scant three fingers of rum, "Peleg," said he, "that liquor is *twenty years old*." Peleg squinted through his glass against the sunset: "Parson," he responded, "'tis devilish small of its age!" It is noteworthy that the first temperance reformer in the village was not its minister, but its physician—Doctor Anthony Collamore of North Pembroke; who stopped the practice of dramming on his farm, when he became convinced that it was injurious alike to mind and body.

Late in Mr. Allen's ministry the present meeting house was built. Towards autumn of 1836, the old structure which, through its long history of a hundred and ten years, had heard the discourses of Lewis, and witnessed grave deliberation and fiery eloquence in Revolutionary days, was condemned, and ordered to be taken down. The order was passed on December nineteenth. In January following, the Parish granted certain proprietors liberty to build a new

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meeting-house, with all the privileges necessary for that purpose. In April the old house went at auction, for \$155, to Christopher Oakman of Marshfield. The present building was erected upon its site: and unlike its predecessor, was surmounted by a large, square belfry to the east; which rose high in air above the windy hill of Pembroke Centre, commanding a wide view of the upper valley of North River and the stretches of evergreen forest beyond. The interior has been little changed. There was a high old-style pulpit at the back, flanked by pews on either side: and a narrow gallery above the entrance; where were stationed the choir and, later, the organ. Clock and bell were installed in the belfry.

After the resignation of Mr. Allen in 1841, minister followed minister in quick succession. Joshua Chandler, the next pastor, was dismissed in 1844; and left behind him a reputation for eccentricity unsurpassed. We hear of wonderful "pulpit handkerchiefs," and prayers that would have wearied a follower of the Prophet. Said Mr. Allen on the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination: "We feel confident that if, in those years, a man had been settled who possessed decent pulpit talents, and whose deportment and conversation in social life had been tolerable; he might have remained in office till the weaknesses of age should have admonished him of the propriety of resigning." That dismissal, however, cost the Parish some of its most active and influential members. Numbers continued to decrease, and subscriptions to wane; until Mr. Allen could say, with sorrow, in 1851: "Allow me to hope that the members of this society will brace themselves to the work of its support. Here where sweet counsel was taken with your fathers, and where we walked in company to the house of God for the space of forty years, let me not be afflicted, in old age, with sorrowful evidence that the altar of so many prayers, confessions, and praises, is to be deserted: the place left desolate where Lewis in unwearied labours from a small beginning built up a respectable church and society; where the good work was continued by his successors Smith, Whitman, and Hawley, down to the time when the speaker engaged in the responsible task, 1801."

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Rev. Preserved Smith was minister 1845-1849; and Rev. William L. Stearns, 1850-1856. In 1856 the Parish accepted from the Proprietors all their right, title, and interest in the Meeting House and its lot. William Bicknell during his pastorate, 1857-1861, took upon himself the adornment of the Common, hitherto bare and neglected; and out of the fullness of his heart, planted our famous Pine Trees, whose merits have lately come into the limelight of public discussion. Rev. Theophilus Pipon Doggett was the next minister, and continued from 1861 till 1874. He was a scholarly and cultivated man; and though his best work had been done before he came to this place, was much liked as a preacher. He kept a private school on the site of the present parsonage, and many anecdotes are told of him by his pupils.

In the course of his ministry occurred the Organ Quarrel—hardly less disastrous to the society than its forerunner of a century earlier. In the autumn of 1868, a fine organ was presented to the parish, through the enterprise of the Organ Fund Society. It proved at first productive of more discord than harmony in the Meeting House. Several prominent parishioners seceded; and for this unpatriotic act, were scored by the Parish Committee in their report for 1869: "We are satisfied to take the lowest seat in the synagog, and labour there as best we can. But we cannot afford to leave the ancient citadell, the honoured Temple where our Farthers loved to worship: for the sake of the few ancient patriarks who love to view it from afar, and those who enter its portals for christian consolation and strength in their declining years, will we sustain it; for our own, and the generations' who are to come after us, will we love, cherish, and sustain it."

Rev. Jesse Temple was Mr. Doggett's successor; and though intemperance soon unfitted him for the work of the ministry, we must gratefully remember him and Mrs. Temple as the founders of our reading club and library. In 1875 the Parish admitted women to membership.

The immediate successors of Mr. Temple in the ministry are as follows:—

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Rev. J. H. Collins: 1877-1880

Rev. J. M. W. Pratt: 1881-1885

Rev. Henry Dana Dix: 1885-1887

Rev. Mr. Gardner: 1888

Rev. William H. Fish: 1888-1889

Rev. Mr. Barnhill: 1889

Rev. Mr. Perkins: 1890

Rev. Mr. Thompson: 1890

Rev. Mr. Bruuton: 1891-1892

Rev. Stanley M. Hunter: 1892-1893

In a heavy tempest, 8 April 1893, the belfry of the church was struck by lightning; which set fire to the wood-work, dismantled clock and organ, shook down the ceiling, and left the whole front in ruins. The fire was put out by a heavy rainfall: and steps were at once taken to repair the remaining damage. At this time the high pulpit was lowered; the gallery walled up; and the south-western corner of the house, next the pulpit, made an organ loft. Services were held throughout the summer in the Town Hall, and in the autumn the church was rededicated. During 1894 Rev. Martha Aitken was its minister.

In the spring of 1895, the parish called to its pulpit Rev. Edward C. Guild; who preached about a year. He was a man of high scholarship and character; rich in human sympathy, and deeply read in literature: and his short stay here won for him the devotion of all his acquaintance. The remaining years of his life were, for the most part, spent in Germany, he died in Boston, 6 November, 1899.

He was followed, in 1896, by Rev. John W. Barker; who preached until the fall of 1897, when he removed to Waterville in Maine. During 1898 and 1899, Rev. Charles W. Casson was minister: Mr. Barker returned to preach during 1900. The year 1901 was an interregnum of candidates.

Early in 1902, Rev. Henry A. Westall—a native of Carolina, and a graduate of Tufts College and Harvard Divinity School—became the twentieth minister of Pembroke. His resignation, which terminated a pastorate among us of five

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years, took effect at the close of 1906. A practical man of scholarly attainments, Mr. Westall possessed from the first the respect and good-will of his fellow townsmen. He has guided this ancient church within sight of its two hundredth milestone. In scholarship, breadth of view, and true liberalism; in feeling for the vital things of belief; and in the sincerity and sympathy with which he spoke to us, the Fathers of old must have held him a worthy successor to the pulpit honoured in former times by Lewis, Smith, Whitman, and Allen.

Since Mr. Westall's resignation, the services have been conducted by students of Harvard Divinity School. During the summer of 1907 Rev. Palfrey Perkins of Salem fulfilled the duties of pastor with very great success. Memorable are the vesper services; charge of which he shared with Rev. Harold G. Arnold, now minister of Bridgewater. After his return to Cambridge, Mr. Perkins most kindly continued to direct the supply of the pulpit: and the church, numbering its bicentennial, remains in his care.

These last years have seen the retirement from active service of our venerable sexton, Henry Baker. During the space of more than half a century, his hand has opened the meeting-house of a Sunday; wound the clock; tinkered the organ; and rung the ponderous bell in the ceaseless clanging of alarm, the full measured strokes of the public meeting, or in the slow and broken tolling appropriate to the burial of the dead. It has always been the first pleasure of natives of Pembroke returning home after long absence, to recognize in the church doorway the familiar figure of Mr. Baker: and to hear, from his lips, some old-time anecdote by everyone else long since forgotten, or—it might be—a modern story of equal power. Few men have ever more truly endeared themselves to a village than did Henry Baker; and his death was a grief and loss as great as his life had been a blessing. In closing for a while these histories, I cannot do better than acknowledge the generous contributions I owe to him, and thank him for them.

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*Clasp, Angel of the backward look
And folded wings of ashen gray
And voice of echoes far away,
The brazen covers of thy book;
The weird palimpsest old and vast
Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past;
Where, closely mingled, pale and glow
The characters of joy and woe;
The monographs of outlived years
Or smile-illumed or dim with tears,
Green hills of life that slope to death,
And haunts of home, whose vistaed trees
Shade off to mournful cypresses
With the white amaranths underneath.
Even while I look, I can but heed
The restless sands' incessant fall,
Importunate hours that hours succeed.
Each clamorous with its own sharp need,
And duty keeping pace with all.
Shut down and clasp the heavy lids;
I hear again the voice that bids
The dreamer leave his dream midway
For larger hopes and graver fears:
Life greatens in these later years;
The century's aloë flowers today!*

